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# HORIZON

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA OF CONTEMPORANEOUS SOCIETY  
AND OF AMERICAN FRONTIER  
PERILS.

IN FIVE ACTS AND SEVEN TABLEAUX.

BY

34  
AUGUSTIN DALY.

AS ACTED AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY,  
FOR THE FIRST TIME, MARCH 21st, 1871.



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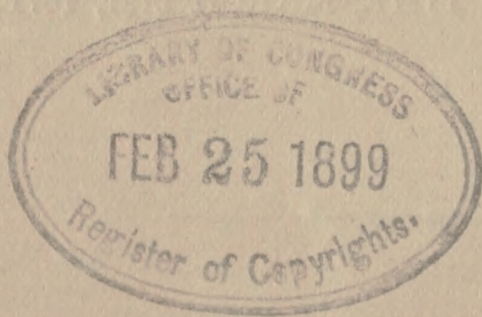
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND ORIGINAL CAST.

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ALLEYN VAN DORP, just from West Point with his first commission. Dispatched to the Far West . . . MR. HART CONWAY  
 COKE BALLOU, ESQ., A gentleman, who professes what he practices; *i. e.*, The law; crusty as coke and dry as a whip . . . MR. C. WARWICK  
 SUNDOWN ROWSE, ESQ., A distinguished member of the *Third House* at Washington. Owning a slice of every Territory, and bound for the Far West to survey his new Congressional Land Grant, which lies just this side of the Horizon . . . MR. G. L. FOX  
 THE UNATTACHED MR. SMITH, not a member of the Joint High Commission, and unattached to the British Legation at Washington . . . MR. H. R. TEESDALE  
 JOHN LODER, alias Panther Loder, alias White Panther—One of the reasons for the establishment of "Vigilance Committees" in the peaceful hamlets of the Plains  
 . . . MR. J. K. MORTIMER  
 WOLF VAN DORP, One of the sort the West opens its arms to recieve . . . MR. J. B. STUDLEY  
 ROCKS OF TENNESSEE, The Mayor of Rogue's Rest, one of the magic cities of the West . . . MR. O. B. COLLINS  
 "UNCLE BILLY" BLAKELY, An enfranchised citizen of that enterprising town . . . MR. G. A. BEANE  
 MR. MACKENZIE, otherwise known as "Sandy Mac,"—another  
 . . . MR. J. L. DEBONAY  
 JUDGE SCOTT, the chairman of that Bulwark of Western Liberty:—the Vigilance Committee . . . MR. E. T. SINCLAIR  
 SALERATUS BILL, } More of 'em! } . . . MR. F. S. WILBUR  
 GOPHER JOE, } . . . MR. TYSON  
 CEPHAS, A Fifteenth Amendment . . . MR. I. PENDY  
 THE HEATHEN CHINEE, who does not understand,  
 . . . MR. H. H. PRATT  
 SERGEANT CROCKETT, One of Uncle Sam's Police of the Prairies . . . MR. FRANK CHAPMAN  
 WANNEMUCKA, The civilized Indian and "Untutored Savage" who dwells with the white settlers in their villages,  
 . . . MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH  
 WAHCOTAH, The friendly Indian who stops among the white soldiers at their Fort . . . MR. W. H. POPE  
 GUIDE . . . MR. ATKINS  
 MED, White Flower of the Plains . . . MISS AGNES ETHEL  
 MISS COLUMBIA ROWSE, The Belle of *Both Houses* and fascinator of the Lawmakers . . . MISS ADA HARLAND  
 MRS. VAN DORP, The Abandoned Wife . . . MRS. J. J. PRIOR  
 THE WIDOW MULLINS, Emigrant parent, of undoubted extraction . . . MRS. YEAMANS  
 RHODA, her daughter . . . MISS FANNY BEANE  
 ONATA, a prairie princess . . . MISS LULU PRIOR  
 NOTAH, The little papoose, who'd became the spoil of the stranger  
 . . . JENNIE YEAMANS  
 ALICE, of the Van Dorp Household, . . . FLORA LEE  
 Citizens of Rogue's Rest, Indians, Indian Maidens, Soldiers.







## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Parlors in the Van Dorp city house, Waverly Place, New York. Elegant saloon divided by arches, c. Windows at back, looking upon Washington Park. An apartment seen off R. U. E., through another arch. Hallway and main entrance R 2 E. Mantel at R., with framed picture above it, the face turned to the wall. Table, L., with lamp, books, etc., ink-stand and pens, blotting paper, legal paper. Elegant furniture of various patterns about, in each apartment.*

MR. BALLOU is discovered sitting at table, pen in mouth, pressing blotter on paper. He takes up paper and reads:

*Ballou.* Hum! I think that's about what she wants. A full and particular exhibit of the property, real, personal and mixed, belonging to Margaret Van Dorp. Now, whosoever gets it at her death, gets a very snug fortune. [*Folds paper up, puts it in his pocket with a number of others, which he takes from table, then looks at his watch. Bell, as if of street door—heard.*] Hallo! Some other visitor! We shan't have an opportunity for a private conference after all. [*Rises and crosses to mantel, R. C.*]

ALICE shows in CAPT. ALLEYN, from R. 2 E., who enters with hat, travelling-bag and light overcoat.

*Alleyn.* Glad to be home again. That I am. All night on train. Just stopped at the hotel to fix up—ran over after breakfast. [*Gives hat and bag to Alice.*] No one here? [*Sees Bal.*] No! Why, Mr. Ballou! [*They meet and shake hands.*]

*Bal.* This is an unexpected pleasure.

*Al.* So it is. I've just come from Washington, by the Owl Train. Where's mother?

*Bal.* Mrs. Van Dorp—I've not seen her yet.

*Al.* [*To Alice.*] Will you announce me to mother, and ask if I shall attend her in her own room, or here?

*Alice.* Yes, sir! [*To Bal.*] I have already told her you were waiting, Mr. Ballou. [*Exit, R. 3 E.*]

*Bal.* Oh, it don't matter about me. Lawyers can wait. We always charge for that, eh?



*Al.* I hope so.

*Bal.* Especially when we are sent for on particular business.

[*Sits, R.*]

*Al.* [*Crossing and standing, R.*] You lawyers have easy lives. You jog about from house to house, from court to court. Now as to us soldiers—

*Bal.* [*Yawning and laughing.*] As to you soldiers!

*Al.* You may laugh. You think there's no duty for us now.

*Bal.* No! Thank the Lord!

*Al.* [*Quizzically.*] What do you think of the prospect of a war with England?

*Bal.* Bosh!

*Al.* Well then, nearer home; how about the Indian troubles?

*Bal.* They don't hurt us, they're a thousand or two miles off towards sundown.

*Al.* That's the very spot.

*Bal.* [*Interested.*] What spot?

*Al.* Where I'm going!

*Bal.* [*Jumping up, going L.*] You?

*Al.* [*Taking Bal.'s vacated seat.*] Ye-e-es! [*Yawning.*]

*Bal.* And you are to fight the Indians?

*Al.* Unless the Indians run away.

*Bal.* What will your mother, I mean Mrs. Van Dorp—pardon me, she regards you as a son; what will she say to this?

*Al.* I wrote and told her the whole news. I start to-morrow to join my company.

*Bal.* [*Slapping his forehead.*] An idea strikes me! She sent for me because you are going away. I see it all!

*Al.* Oh, you consider yourself a good substitute for me, eh?  
[*Sits on c. ottoman.*]

*Bal.* Badinage aside. Mrs. Van Dorp, ever since she adopted you as a son—

*Al.* Twelve years ago—

*Bal.* And two years after her husband disappeared, so cruelly taking with him their infant daughter, Mrs. Van Dorp, I repeat, has spoken to me about making her will—

*Al.* Then I don't want to hear anything more about it—  
[*Crosses to table, sits L. H.*]

*Bal.* [*Takes Al.'s seat.*] Don't be afraid. I'm not going to reveal her affairs, for she never told me how she meant to leave her property.

*Al.* All right then. Fire away! [*Sits by table, L.*]

*Bal.* She has sent for me a dozen times, and a dozen times has put off the deed. I remonstrated, but her only excuse was: "we will wait yet a little longer."



*Al.* Poor mother! She referred to the expectation she had, that her husband would return and bring back her little girl.

*Bal.* Her husband took his precautions well. If he meant to leave his wife forever, and to punish her, he succeeded.

*Al.* To punish her? For what?

*Bal.* Family history! Family history! He was poor and proud, she was rich and proud. They were both aristocrats, but his family, I think, was a little the older, just a little; that is to say, he could count more Knickerbockers for ancestors than she could.

*Al.* You are severe!

*Bal.* As I have had the genealogy searched up, I know. Well, they belonged to the first families, she, the richer. They were married. Marriage, my dear boy, is called a union of souls; when it is, it is doubtless a good thing; but when it is a union of pride, passion and violence, it—well—well! They lived a wretched life for five years. They had one daughter. The husband would not bow down to his wife, so she kept him on short allowance of money; he tried to go into business, failed, got dissipated, reformed, broke down again—and was locked out of his wife's house, [*rises*] by the way, this very house.

*Al.* [*Rises, down c., sadly.*] Yes, I have heard.

*Bal.* [*Crosses to c. R., sits.*] He watched it; tried to get in to see his child, little Margaret. Was prevented. Laid his plans accordingly, and one night gained admittance by force, and seizing the child, carried it off.

*Al.* Yes, so I've heard. And the next day a letter was delivered which told her—

*Bal.* Her child was lost to her forever. His vengeance was complete. At one blow he deprived her of her only pleasure, and closed her doors forever to the gaiety and revelry she loved so much.

*Al.* The spiritless, cowardly villain, who lived on her bounty and abused her goodness! [*Sits, c.*]

*Bal.* Oh, of course. But the world says, she was to blame.

*Al.* She, the kindest, most generous of women?

*Bal.* Yes, to all but a husband. There are some girls who never ought to marry. She was one, she had no patience to bear the failings of a husband.

ALICE enters, R. 3 E.

*Alice.* My mistress is coming, Mr. Alleyn. [*Speaking outside.*] Come in, John!



SERVANT enters with a step-ladder, which he places against mantel.

Alice. Now, then, get up right away and turn the picture.

SERVANT mounts the steps, but before he can turn the picture, MRS. VAN DORP enters, R.

Alice. Too late! Stop! [JOHN descends ladder, as MRS. V. goes to AL., who runs to meet her. She kisses his forehead.]

Mrs. Van Dorp. My boy! [To Alice.] Never mind at present, Alice. Leave the ladder. You can go now.

Alice. Yes, ma'am! [Exits, U. E., with JOHN.]

Mrs. V. My dearest Alleyn! I have looked for you so anxiously. [Crosses to C.] Mr. Ballou, I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you so long. But you know how whimsical I am.

Bal. Oh yes, I know. You have made me run many a wild goose chase before.

Mrs. V. [To AL.] You see how he scolds me.

Bal. Its my privilege as your legal adviser.

Mrs. V. [Sits in chair, which AL. places for her.] And you always advise me well.

Bal. You are at last resolved to make—

Mrs. V. [Stops him by raising her hand.] No!

Bal. No? Then why am I here?

Mrs. V. Perhaps to have one more proof of a woman's inconsistency. I sent for you determined to do—[Stops, then to AL.] Alleyn, my dear, will you see if the windows are closed in the reception room yonder?

AL. Certainly, mother! [Goes up and off, L. U. E.]

Mrs. V. [Quickly to Bal.] Say nothing more about this matter. I have changed my mind.

Bal. Again, and why?

Mrs. V. I am ashamed to confess it. You know my old reason.

Bal. You used to say, it was because you cherished a very vain hope—

Mrs. V. What if I tell you, that hope revives again?

Bal. It is insanity to encourage such fancies.

Mrs. V. Enough then! Being in unsound mind, I cannot make my will.

Bal. But, madam—

Mrs. V. Be satisfied with this. By the time Winter comes, I may send for you again. Till then, say nothing.

Bal. But your hope—



Mrs. V. [*Rising.*] Of that I will never speak to you again.

Bal. [*Crossing R. H.*] Then for the twentieth time, I put my memoranda in my pocket, and take my leave.

Mrs. V. Stay! You will arrange with the bankers to have Alleyn's allowances sent to him in the West, wherever he may be stationed.

ALLEYN *enters at back.*

Bal. Oh, that's easily arranged. Nothing more?

Mrs. V. Nothing more!

Bal. Good morning, then. [*Bows, goes up and meets Al.*] Well, my dear boy, take care of yourself.

Alleyn. Going? Good-bye! If I'm scalped, I'll beg the ferocious Indians to send you a lock of my hair. [*Both laugh, BAL. exits, L. U. E. AL. comes down quickly.*] My dearest mother!

Mrs. V. My son! [*She sits, and AL. brings an ottoman and sits by her side, c.*] I have wished so much to see you. Your letter told me all, but not all the little things I wished to know. And so you are a Captain, and you have made influential friends in Washington?

Al. Yes! I wrote you about the best of them, didn't I? The eccentric Mr. Rowse?

Mrs. V. Rowse! An odd name, not very distinguished.

Al. Oh, he's better than his name. A bluff, unpolished, generous heart. A shrewd fellow, but an honest politician, I'll be bound.

Mrs. V. What is his profession?

Al. Why, a politician!

Mrs. V. Is that a profession? What do they do, these politicians?

Al. Why they, let me see—they take care of the public's interests. You know the public interest must be cared for. The old adage is: "What's everybody's business is nobody's business." Now the politicians do everybody's business, and account to nobody for the way they do it. That's Rowse's way. He got me my commission.

Mrs. V. He must be a very influential man.

Al. Very. He is interested in several railroads—not yet built, and he owns immense tracts of public lands, granted him by Congress to build the railroads on. His daughter, Miss Columbia Rowse, says, he owns a slice of every Territory in the West.

Mrs. V. [*Coldly.*] His daughter?

Al. Why, yes. Didn't I speak of her in my letter? How



ungallant of me. She is the belle of the western country; sets the hearts of all the Territory beaux in flames, and is adored by the House of Representatives.

*Mrs. V.* [*Stiffly.*] A very charming person.

*Al.* And remember, her father made me a Captain, and—oh! I quite forgot another.

*Mrs. V.* Another daughter?

*Al.* No. Another friend, whom I have also invited—Mr. Smith.

*Mrs. V.* Mr. Smith! What a name!

*Al.* The Honorable Arthur Wellesby Vere de Vere Smith.

*Mrs. V.* [*Interested.*] From England?

*Al.* An English nobleman, mother. Sixth son of an Earl, poor, but a good fellow, and no snob. He's not attached to the British Legation at Washington, and he goes with us out West to see life.

*Mrs. V.* They must stay with us to dinner.

*Al.* Thanks, my dear mother, I now—

*Mrs. V.* And now, my dear Alleyn, give me but a moment of your time, while I tell you—you, to whom alone I can confide it, a foolish old woman's troubles. Alas, my boy, I had thought never to see you again.

*Al.* How? You alarm me!

*Mrs. V.* I have been ill, I thought dying.

*Al.* And you never wrote, that I might fly to your side.

*Mrs. V.* It was a sudden shock, too sudden, too sudden to call on any human being for aid. Last night—

*Al.* So lately—

*Mrs. V.* You remember that this is the anniversary of a terrible day to me. I had not the courage to suffer the servants to do, what on this day I have for thirteen years permitted: that picture to be turned from the wall. Go, Alleyn, let me look once more—[*Al. ascends ladder, and turns the picture.*] The picture of the man, who was once my husband, and the father of my child.

*Al.* [*At foot of ladder.*] I know it well!

*Mrs. V.* Little Margaret loved him! loved him more than me. God forgive us all.

*Al.* [*Going to her and kneeling.*] Poor mother!

*Mrs. V.* Alleyn, I saw his face last night.

*Al.* Last night? In a dream?

*Mrs. V.* It must have been, but it seemed real. Listen to me. It seemed that you were in some wild Western place—huts scattered here and there—a sparse and ruffianly crew about you. Among them was that man.



*Al.* Your husband.

*Mrs. V.* He was unchanged—he looked the same. A man of deadly purpose and cruel eyes. I was by your side. He said to me: “Madam, you have come here to seek me. You have found me. But your child you will never see again.” He turned to disappear into a hut. I could not move. I heard a voice, my little Margaret’s voice, crying out: “Mother, save me!” She was struggling to be free. Her cries grew fainter, then ceased. I fell in a swoon to the earth. When I awoke, I was upon the floor of my own room, alone, and cold as death.

*Al.* [*Sits.*] It was but a dream.

*Mrs. V.* Was it not rather a divine light cast upon the mystery that fate has wrapped around my child’s destiny? I feel it to be so. And I say to you now, that I am certain your mission to the Far West is to be the means of restoring her to me.

*Al.* I pray it may be so, with all my soul. [*Ring at door.*]

*Mrs. V.* Your friends! [*Crossing to door.*]

*Al.* Will you see them now?

*Mrs. V.* Certainly! One finds good friends so seldom, that yours shall be heartily welcomed at all times.

*ALICE enters with two cards on a salver, which she hands to Mrs. V.*

*Mrs. V.* [*Reading.*] Mr. Smith—Miss Rowse.

*Al.* I wonder where papa can be? This is the daughter, and accompanied by the unattached scion of nobility.

*Mrs. V.* [*To Alice.*] Ask them in here. [*ALICE exits.*] Is the Honorable Mr. Smith likely to become attached to Miss Columbia?

*Al.* Stranger things have happened.

*ALICE ushers in MR. SMITH and MISS COLUMBIA. They come down C. MRS. V., L. C. AL., R. C.*

*Al.* [*Advancing.*] Very happy indeed to see you.

*Columbia.* [*L. of Smith.*] We came, you see!

*Mr. Smith.* [*Shaking hands with Al.*] Thanks—very much.

*Al.* Allow me to present you. Mrs. Van Dorp, Miss Rowse. [*Crosses to Al.*] Mr. Smith. [*Salutations.*]

*Col.* I’m sure, delighted. What an elegant house. Quite an old family mansion. Just like the old Knickerbockers. Delightful people.

*Mr. S.* Charmed to have the opportunity. Yes. Van Dorp has spoken of you so much. Yes.

*Mrs. V.* You have just arrived in the city, I believe.



*Mr. S.* This morning. Yes. We came—

*Col.* We came by the Owl Train. All of us. Pa, and the Honorable Mr. Smith, and I. We look like owls ourselves, I dare say,—railroad travelling is so scary.

*Mrs. V.* I suppose we shall have the pleasure of seeing your father. Pray be seated. [*AL. moves stool, R. H.*]

*Mr. S.* [*All sit.*] Yes. Thank you. Mr. Rowse said he would—

*Col.* Said he'd come on after us. Pa is always so full of business. He's got to see at least a dozen prominent men here this morning. Most of the prominent men are in New York now.

*Mrs. V.* Indeed.

*Col.* You know pa never has any business with any but prominent men. Pa knows all the prominent men. All the prominent men know pa. I know as many prominent men as pa does.

*Mrs. V.* It must be very pleasant.

*Col.* Oh, no! Prominent men are not at all pleasant. You think they are great things till you know them. When you find them out, there's nothing particular about them, except that they are prominent.

*Mrs. V.* Your opportunities of judging are very great, no doubt.

*Col.* Oh, very! Pa and I have been in Washington every session for five years. All the prominent characters come to Washington. I know them all, from Maine to Texas.

*Al.* Ha! ha! Have you any preferences as to States, Miss Columbia?

*Col.* Not as to States. But the Territories are not nice.

*Mrs. V.* [*Surprise and inquiry.*] The Territories?

*Col.* The prominent men of the Territories. They come to Washington, but they lack polish,—no refinement. I have no sympathy with them. I know all the prominent characters of the Territories; they don't compare with the States. But what I do admire, is the old families.

*Mrs. V.* Your acquaintance there is also quite large?

*Col.* Oh, yes! The old families come to Washington too. Many Knickerbockers. As soon as I heard your son's name, I told pa he was a Knickerbocker. You have a real Knickerbocker name. I've read Washington Irving all through, and I know all the names.

*Mr. S.* It must be awfully fatiguing to remember them all.

*Col.* Oh dear no! I've practiced on names. Pa and I never forget a name. We have to remember them. A prominent man never forgives you if you forget his name. I tell the Honorable Mr. Smith he will never rise in America, because he forgets names. Don't I, Honorable?



*Mr. S.* Eh? Yes! Oh, yes! Miss Rowse very often says so. I can't always recollect. I get them mixed, particularly the colonels, and the generals, and the judges.

*Col.* Yes, it was so funny. One day he called the Governor of Montana Colonel, and the Governor's Secretary he called Judge, and Judge Jones he called Governor, and he nearly defeated one of pa's bills. Didn't he? [*To Al.*]

*Al.* I believe something happened.

*Mr. S.* It was distressing. I was very sorry. Yes. But I apologized to the Judge, and the Secretary, and the Governor, and it came out all right.

*Mrs. V.* That was fortunate.

*Al.* I believe Miss Rowse's powers of fascination had to be exercised.

*Col.* Oh, you bad fellow! [*To Mrs. V.*] But it's a fact. Pa had to give a dinner, and I had to do the agreeable, and play euchre with the Governor. It's a dreadful thing to be the daughter of a public man, Mrs. Van Dorp. [*AL. moves stool down to L.*]

*Mrs. V.* It must be indeed. [*Door bell.*]

*Col.* Oh, that must be pa now. Pa can't be very punctual, but he never breaks his word. In Washington the members say: "Sundown Rowse has given his word he'll square things; we'll go for his bill." If pa broke his word once, he'd never get another bill through.

ALICE enters.

*Alice.* Mr. Rowse.

*Mrs. V.* Show Mr. Rowse in, Alice. [*ALICE exits.*]

*Col.* It's a real holiday for pa to get away from Washington, he enjoys it so much.

*Rowse.* [*Outside.*] All right, never mind me, I'll find the way.

ROWSE enters.

*Rowse.* Ah, here I am, you see. I knew Columby 'd be here before me! Ah, Captain! [*To Mr. S.*] How de do again, Honorable.

*Al.* Allow me. [*Presents Row. to Mrs. V.*] My mother, Mr. Rowse.

*Row.* Glad to see you, ma'am. Warmish day for the season. Run almost to death. Came straight here from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. [*AL., COL. and MR. S. withdraw to R., looking over portfolio of pictures.*]



*Mrs. V.* Allow me to thank you, Mr. Rowse, most warmly for the kind interest you have taken in my son, and the great service you have done him.

*Row.* Don't mention it, ma'am. It wasn't much. I had a cousin wanted the commission, but he didn't like to go and fight the Indians. Your son jumped at the offer. My cousin backed down, asked me if I thought he was a chicken to go for the Chickasaws, and told me, I might go myself and keno the Kiutes.

*Mrs. V.* Alleyn is very courageous, and believes a soldier ought to fight.

*Row.* He's a trump. I appreciate pluck. I come of a fighting family. They were the first settlers of Kansas. Perhaps you have heard of Hefty Bill Rowse of the Prairies?

*Mrs. V.* I never had the pleasure.

*Row.* He was my father; one of the original border ruffians; as honest a man as ever lived. He cleared the settlements, and was elected Mayor twice by thirteen majority. Your son will get some notion of Western life, when he goes out.

*Mrs. V.* [*Going to Al. and putting her arm about his neck.*] My hope and belief are, that Alleyn will never forget he is a Christian, even among the lawless settlers of the West.

*Row.* Oh, I know him. He's a little soft here, perhaps, but he'll get hardened. Men must be hard out West, ma'am. I was too mild myself for it, and father sent me to Washington to dicker. I had a brother, who loved glory and stayed home. He was killed in a fight the very day I got my first bill through Congress. We buried him on my first land grant: two thousand acres near Silver Creek.

*Mrs. V.* [*Returning to c.*] There are many persons from the Eastern States, who settle in the West, are there not?

*Row.* Thousands! Whole families! Single men—single women—double men—and double women, husbands and wives, you know,—everybody.

*Mrs. V.* Do they ever change their names, when they settle there?

*Row.* If they are absconders, they mostly do. If there ain't no debts, nor no trouble about the law, they don't. I know one town where every inhabitant's got another name. They take ranks there according to the amount of debts they ran away from. The worst insolvent is elected Sheriff.

*Mrs. V.* There are many too, no doubt, who go West to escape domestic troubles.

*Row.* Oh, yes. The most part of the single people out there are divorced. It's a healthy country for domestic troubles.



*Mrs. V.* And the place Alleyn is detailed for, what is it called? Is it much settled?

*Row.* Fort Jackson! Well, it's pretty well out towards the Horizon.

*Mrs. V.* You are familiar with the locality?

*Row.* [*Mrs. V. and Row. sit c., pulling out map.*] Here's the map. I know it, because my grant takes it in. I run from here on the west bank of the Big Run River down to Dogs' Ears, that's the name of another settlement, then out to All Gone, that's an Indian camp, and then to Hollo Bill, that's a traders' settlement. Queer names, ain't they?

*Mrs. V.* [*Sitting.*] And the inhabitants of these places?

*Row.* [*Folding map.*] Queer lot! Native Americans with a sprinkling of the Injun and the least speck of the Chineese. I expect to locate several more towns, when I get out there.

*Mrs. V.* You are going, too?

*Row.* Oh, yes! I'm off with the Captain. C'lumby's going too, and the Honorable Smith. I'm going to prospect for the first hundred miles of the Fort Jackson and Big Run branch of the Union Pacific Railroad, chartered by Act of Congress and subsidized with twenty thousand acres, well adapted for farms and settlements.

*Col.* [*Coming down, L. C.*] What on earth are you doing, pa? Boring Mrs. Van Dorp with your everlasting railroads and maps. Put 'em up.

*Row.* Well, C'lumby, I—

*Col.* Put 'em up, I say. This ain't a committee room.

*Mrs. V.* Your father has been giving me most valuable information.

*Col.* All about his land grants, I suppose?

*Mrs. V.* [*Significantly to AL., who comes down with MR. S., R.*] About the people of the West.

*Mr. S.* I'm really anxious to see the great West. Yes. The aboriginal red men and the real original white settlers.

*Al.* And I to see that noble territory, destined to be the cradle of a greater republic.

*Col.* And I'm dying to see whether the place has grown any since I was a girl. The Honorable Smith is going to hunt buffaloes and bison, and I'm going with him. Ain't I?

*Row.* Well, after I've located my railroad—

*Col.* Bother your railroad. It's like a grand picnic. We'll go over the prairies on wild horses and camp out in the woods.

*Mr. S.* And eat buffalo steak cooked by the camp fire. Just as they do in the romances.

*Mrs. V.* And the danger—



*Al.* Danger, mother! What danger?

*Mr. S.* Danger! Is there danger, truly?

*Mrs. V.* The lawless inhabitants of the settlements. I have heard such stories of violence.

*Mr. S.* We'll call in the police. Besides, I'm protected by the British flag.

*Al.* They can offer no insult to a soldier of their own land.

*Col.* At least they will respect the softer sex, won't they, Honorable?

*Row.* Well, if the worst comes to the worst, I'll stand by my Act of Congress and retire behind my land grant.

*Mrs. V.* But the Indians—

*Mr. S.* Aw—yes—the noble savage. I'll speak to him as his paleface brother. I've read the Leatherstocking stories, and I think I can manage 'em.

*Al.* No quarter to the savages, who murder women and children. But to the weak and oppressed, I may be a friend. Duty commands no more.

*Row.* Well, I'm going to take a case of dollar store jewelry out with me, and trade it for furs with the simple-minded red man. There's nothing like carrying civilization into the Far West.

*ALICE enters.*

*Alice.* Dinner is served, ma'am.

*Mrs. V.* Come, gentlemen. Come, Miss Rowse.

*Row.* Dinner—really—bless me—I've half a dozen appointments.

*Al.* Oh, you must!

*Row.* But I've so many engagements.

*Col.* Let them wait for once.

*Row.* But we start at eight.

*Mrs. V.* And so, at least, we can spare one hour in saying farewell to friends we may never see again. [*All surround Row., and preceded by MRS. V., they go up.*]

CURTAIN.



## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The town of Rogue's Rest—sixty miles from Fort Jackson—one of the wooden cities of the West. Hotel of primitive order at L., with portico, etc. Sign: "Occidental Hotel, on the European plan." Opposite, on R., a building of two stories, upper windows practicable, and reached by door and steps facing audience, over which hangs a lamp and painted thereon "The Clarion of the West." Lower floor with signs, etc., denoting Pacific Express office. At back is a low fence, partly concealing a house and low shed. Gate in fence near L.*

*At the rise of the curtain* ROCKS OF TENNESSEE, the landlord of the hotel, and late Mayor of the town, is seated on piazza in a wooden arm-chair, smoking, in a loose lined duster. WANNEMUCKA, the Indian, is lying, L., in front of hotel, pretending sleep. In C. of stage is a group of rough settlers, some sitting, others standing, engaged in loud discussion. Among them is BLAKELY, GOPHER JOE and MACKENZIE.

*Blakely.* Why won't they hang 'em?

*Gopher.* Quick work, I say!

*Mackenzie.* No gal's work for us.

*Crowd.* No nonsense! Clear the settlement! Give us a  
chaw of terbacker!

*Rocks.* Give us a rest, boys, do! What's the use of a row!  
If the job's to be done, it will be, and there's an end.

*Blak.* It oughter been did afore.

*Mac.* Two months ago.

*Rocks.* Well, aint you satisfied now? You've tilted me out of my lawful authority as Mayor of this settlement, and you've taken the law into your own hands.

*Blak.* No disrespect to you, boss, you know.

*All.* Oh, no!

*Rocks.* I know it, boys, and I'm much obliged. The civil power wasn't able to control. The settlement got overrun with blacklegs, horse-thieves and other alibis and aliases, as we say in the law-books, and so the citizens unite to clean the town themselves.

*Blak.* [*To others.*] That's it, like a book.

Together.



*Rocks.* You've formed a Vigilance Committee, and the Vigilance Committee cleared the streets effectually.

*Blak.* Not quite, governor. After the clearing two weeks ago, a few specks of dirt still stuck to us.

*Rocks.* You mean Loder, the gambler?

*Blak.* Yes, and Wolf!

*Rocks.* Old Wolf? Why, he's only a nameless old sot. He sleeps his day in that shanty yonder, more like a pigsty than a house. [*All look back at house.*] I'm agin turnin' him off, for the sake of his gal.

*Blak.* Let 'em go somewhere else. We're hard-fisted, hard-working men. Mac, pint yer pistol. [*Takes dram from bottle produced by Mac.*] Empty again. That's the fourth time to-day. Reform is powerful dry work. I say, Mr. Mayor, have her filled up. [*Rocks catches bottle and throws it inside.*] Clear 'em all out, I say, and begin with the Injun,

*Mac.* Oh, the Injun will go, if we kick him out.

*Rocks.* Boys, it seems to me there's an almighty powerful talk here by the jury, right afore one of the condemned. [*Points to Indian.*]

*Blak.* Oh, he's drunk, as usual.

*Mac.* Not so early.

*Rocks.* Listening, I'll swear! [*Significant nod to boys, as he rises and draws pistol.*] Boys, the Injun might as well go at once. I've got my blotter handy, and we might as well wipe him off the records now. I'll just pint his ear and blaze. [*Goes to Wan., cocks his pistol audibly, then points the muzzle first at his head, then over it, and fires. The Indian don't stir.*] Dead drunk!

*All.* Oh, he's all right!

*Rowse appears at window of hotel and looks out.*

*Rowse.* Hallo! you there! [*Crowd look up.*]

*Blak.* Hallo yourself! Who are you, stranger?

*Rocks.* It's all right, gentlemen. There's a party come in last night on their way to Fort Jackson. This is one of them. Mr. Rowse is all right. Let me introduce you to some of our citizens, leading citizens. Leading citizens, Mr. Rowse! Mr. Rowse, leading citizens!

*Row.* How are you, leading citizens! What are you holding a town meeting for?

*Blak.* Stranger! The free and independent residents of this place don't usually explain their business to folks from other settlements; but if you want particularly to know, why, we've formed a Vigilance Committee, to reform the character of our population,



Row. A what? A Vigilance Committee? [*Calling inside.*]  
I say—Smith—here!

MR. SMITH *appears at window.*

Mr. Smith. Good gracious! What is it?

Row. Did you ever hear of that peculiar institution of the Far West, called a Vigilance Committee? Here's one, you ignorant Britisher; take a look.

Mr. S. Vigilance Committee! Good gracious, yes! Some kind of animal. Where is it?

Rocks. The Committee is meeting in the newspaper office. [*Points.*]

Row. Ah! The head of the animal is across the street. This is only the tail.

Mr. S. Yes! Good gracious!

Blak. Strangers! The Committee is a scary animile, and mustn't be riled. If you ain't got proper respect for it—

Row. [*Loudly.*] Respect for it! [*Blandly.*] Will you kindly excuse me for a brace of shakes, until I can come down stairs.

All. Oh, come down out of that!

Row. Thanks! Honorable, let's descend. [*They disappear.*]

Blak. [*To Rocks.*] Who are these suckers?

Rocks. Very influential man, Mr. Rowse, from—Washington. Eh, here he is!

Row. and MR. S. *enter from hotel.* Crowd observes them sulkily.

Row. [C.] Happy to make your acquaintance. May I ask what this Committee is met for?

Blak. [R.] To sit on the live bodies of four parties that must get out or be put out.

Row. You propose to expel four of your fellow-citizens?

Mac. [*Savagely, L. of him.*] Yes, we do!

Row. I beg your pardon! How are you? [*Shakes hands with him.*] And may I ask whom you propose to put out?

Blak. First—an old drunken sot, Whiskey Wolf they call him, he hangs out over there.

Row. And what's he done?

Mac. He's drunk and disorderly. [*Passes bottle around 'mongst crowd.*]

Blak. Secondly—A scoundrel that calls himself Loder—a gambler and worse, if there can be! [*Takes off hat to wipe face, pack of cards fall out.*]



*Row.* He's very offensive to the community, I suppose? More so than Whiskey Wolf, eh?

*Mac.* Oh, Wolf's only a boozier.

*Mr. S.* A what?

*Row.* A boozier! From the verb to booze, one who boozes. [*To Mac.*] When does he booze particularly?

*Mac.* All day. Loafs all the time. Never does a day's work. Then there's the Chinee.

*Row.* You haven't got a Chinee here? Not a regular Heathen Chinee?

*Blak.* Yes, we have. The varmin!

*Row.* And what does he do?

*Blak.* Why, he works for half-pay. Steals the bread out of honest men's mouths.

*Mr. S.* You condemn one fellow because he don't work, and another because he does.

*Blak.* Stranger! We clear out every feller as don't do as we want him to.

*Mr. S.* Yes, I see!

*Blak.* Lastly—That Indian yonder—lying over there drunk.

*Row.* Oh, that's one of the criminals! Where are the others?

*Blak.* I reckon you'll find Whiskey Wolf drunk in thar. [*Points to fence.*] The Chinee is sent for. He's down in the hollow, making chairs out of swamp rushes, and the boys are laying for Loder down by the Tree Tavern.

*Row.* Very good! Now, my fellow-citizens, you can leave this job as fast as you please.

*All.* [*Starting.*] What!

*Row.* I say you can get an extension of time to perform this contract, and go home with your minds easy.

*Blak.* What do you mean?

*Row.* I mean this. From what I see, the people you mean to turn adrift on the plains are no worse than the average crowd that's necessary in pretty nearly every well regulated city. And they may as well stay here, as go to other settlements to steal.

[*Murmurs by the crowd.*]

*Blak.* Stranger, was your parents particularly long lived?

*Row.* They stood the chills pretty well for their time of life.

*Blak.* Well, they never had sich powerful shakes as you'll have, if you don't get into your shafts and travel pretty quickly.

*Mr. S.* Good gracious! What does he mean? Get into your shafts! He takes you for a horse!

*Row.* All right, gentlemen! I see you want things done regularly, and the papers produced. [*Takes out map.*] Do you see this map? Here's Fort Jackson, there's All Gone, and there's



Rogue's Rest—the flourishing city, where we now stand to inhale the breath of freedom.

*All.* [*Looking over his shoulder.*] Correct!

*Row.* You observe a red line, which takes in the various localities aforesaid and stretches out to the top of Coyote Hill.

*All.* [*As before.*] Correct!

*Row.* Then, here's a copy of the grant by which the Government of the United States has conveyed to me the whole of this purchase, including your populous city. In other words, I'm the owner of this here settlement, the landlord of the premises, and proprietor generally. In a few words more, I won't have any mob law, and no Vigilance Committees, and no riots, and no games of that sort on my land. How's that for turning up a bower? Do you pass?

*Blak.* [*Drawing pistol.*] No, stranger, I order it up.

*Mr. S.* Good gracious! Where's the police?

*Blak.* Boys, shall we give them a taste of our productions?

*All.* Clear 'em out. [*They draw knives, pistols.*]

*Blak.* Take up them papers! Put them up, I say! [*Row. gathers map nervously.*] Now git!

*Row.* But I say—

*Mr. S.* Don't touch me—I'm a British subject. I'm under the protection of the British flag.

*Mac.* [*Knocks Mr. S.'s hat off.*] Oh, scissors! [*Hat kicked about.*]

*Row.* You'll hear from me. I'll—[*The two are hustled towards the hotel, etc.*]

*Rocks.* Now, gentlemen,—[*Interposing.*]

SALERATUS BILL enters from R. U. E., running.

*Bill.* I say, boys, Loder and the Chinees have gone down by the Gulch. Slater thinks they are skedaddling.

*Blak.* The devil they are. After 'em, lads. Don't let 'em slope till we get through with 'em!

*The mob run off, headed by BLAK. and BILL, crying: "This way," "All right," "Go it," etc.*

*Mr. S.* [*Picking up hat, which the mob have given a final kick.*] It's an outrage. It's a blarsted country, altogether.

*Row.* I'd like to know the good of an Act of Congress, if it ain't respected out here.



ALLEYN *enters*, R. 1 E., *gaily*.

Alleyn. Hallo! What's up? You look flushed.

Mr. S. Flushed? Yes! By Jove! Just look at my hat, that's flushed.

Row. Cap, you're just the man I want. How long will it take you to bring a company of soldiers from Fort Jackson and put out my tenants?

Al. Why, I haven't got as far as Fort Jackson yet. We were not to start till this evening.

Row. Well, just start at once, and bring your troops over, won't you? I want this town blown to the devil.

Al. Why, I thought this place was your property.

Row. And can't I do what I like with my property? Blow it to the devil. I'll stand the loss.

Al. What's the trouble? I like the place. I've just seen the prettiest girl you can imagine. A backwoods Venus, lovely, young, delicate. Miss Columbia and I met her down by the post office. A perfect Venus.

Row. Don't talk to me of Venuses. I want Marseases, the gods of war. Alleyn, there's a Vigilance Committee here and they're going to—

Al. Not harm you or Smith?

Row. No. To turn some poor devils out.

Al. Oh, that's nothing; they're always doing that.

Row. But I won't have it on my property. Won't you stand up with me and stop it?

Al. We two against a hundred—nonsense.

Row. Then you won't—

Al. [*Looking off, L.*] Sh! Yonder comes the girl I spoke of.

Row. [*Down stage, angry.*] Hang the girls. A man is no use to the community till he's married.

Al. There she goes with Miss Columbia. What a charming step! Smith, just look.

Mr. S. Ah, yes! Miss Rowse, monstrous fine girl.

Al. No, the other!

Mr. S. Ah, yes, so she is! Introduce me!

Al. [*Taking his arm, impetuously.*] Come along, we'll meet them; hurry up; she may turn off into some of the houses. [*Exit, dragging Mr. S.*]

Row. Here, don't go off! What the deuce were girls ever made for? Who'd have thought there'd be a girl out here to turn a chap's head. [*Sees Indian asleep.*] There's one of the poor devils the committee's after. He'll be shot while he's drunk and never know it. [*Touches Indian with his foot.*] Hi! you!



Indian! Wake up and let me scare you to death! [WAN. jumps up and confronts Row., who jumps back.] Hello! that's early rising. What kind of whiskey do you drink to freshen up so quick after it?

Wannemucka. Injun no drink whiskey. Stranger think Wannemucka drunk?

Row. It looked like it. What did you say your name was?

Wan. Wannemucka! Wannemucka chief! Big chief! Tribe far away! Down there—sunset!

Row. If your tribe's down by the sunset, they're luckier than you are.

Wan. Wannemucka safe. Ugh! White man think injun sleep. White man talk—injun's nose [*Imitates snore.*] asleep, injun's eyes [*Closing them.*] asleep, but injun's ears awake.

Row. Oh, you've been playing possum and listening. Then you've overheard them. Why don't you run for your life?

Wan. Wannemucka, no fear. [*Shows dirk.*] Wannemucka got this.

Row. Oh, you mean to fight for it, eh? But they'll kill you if you resist.

Wan. [*Goes to bush behind express office, shows rifle, which he replaces.*] Wannemucka not go alone.

Row. You want to go with the sots and blacklegs, eh? Don't, injun; go back to your tribe in decent company.

Wan. [*Stealthily approaching.*] White stranger ever love?

Row. Did I ever love? Not much, or if I ever did, it's gone clear out of my head. What of it?

Wan. Wannemucka love! She here! Wannemucka take her, or never go back to his tribe again.

Row. The deuce. Some squaw of yours here, eh? More girls! Even the injun won't save his own bacon, but risks it for a girl. Well, you're a plucky bird anyway. I wish you joy and well out. There's my hand. [WAN. takes it reluctantly, and then, drawing near, fingers Row.'s chain.]

Wan. Ugh! nice!

Row. You like it, eh?

Wan. Heap o' skins to buy that?

Row. Yes, injun, it would take considerable coon skins to reach.

Wan. Injun like it! Injun want it!

Row. [*Draws back, takes revolver from pocket.*] Stand back! Do you want to rob me, you unsophisticated redman?

Wan. No. Injun play for it.

Row. Play for it?

Wan. Poker! [*Takes greasy pack of cards from his pocket and shuffles them.*]



*Row.* Moses in the bulrushes! Who'd have thought of this romantic injun sporting a deck and offering to play poker. My feelings are hurt. If you had offered to scalp me, you red rascal, I might have forgiven you. But poker! That knocks the romance, and I despise you!

*LODER, who has entered at L. U. E. at "My feelings are hurt," and carelessly looked on, now comes down, L.*

*Loder.* [*To Row.*] You won't take a hand then, stranger? [*Laughs and sits on back of chair at L., pulls out a pencil, commences to whittle it.*]

*Wan.* Ugh! White panther here! [*Puts up cards.*]

*Row.* Take a hand? I'm sorry I shook hands with him. I'd rather have seen him carry a tomahawk than a pack of cards.

*Lod.* That's civilization, my friend! When the noble savage was in his native state, he went for the hair of your head. Now he's in the midst of civilization, he carries the weapons of enlightenment, and goes for the money in your pocket.

*Row.* I'm sorry for it. I don't want things so progressive on my lands.

*Lod.* P'raps not. But it's just as well you didn't play with him. Injun is a prime hand at poker. You can't beat him. Why he almost comes up to me. [*Rises, crosses to Wan.*] Don't you, injun? [*WAN. grunts.*]

*Row.* And who may you be?

*Lod.* Me? Oh, I'm no account. I travel.

*Row.* Oh, a traveller!

*Lod.* You've put it right. My business is to leave. I'm an outpost of progress! I open up the great West to the march of mind. When things get settled about me, I go on! [*WAN. plucks his sleeve.*] Eh? What's up?

*Wan.* Something to tell.

*Row.* [*Curious.*] Eh?

*Lod.* [*To Row.*] I reckon your friends are looking for you.

*Row.* Eh?

*Lod.* [*To Row.*] I reckon your friends are looking for you.

*Row.* Eh?

*Lod.* [*Coolly.*] I reckon your train's about to start.

*Row.* My train?

*Lod.* [*Sternly.*] I reckon you are staying here to mix up in domestic secrets, and worry my mind. Your train's waiting. Get aboard!

*Row.* Oh, you want me to go! Why didn't you say so? Well, for a new country which belongs to me, and inhabited by



people who don't pay me any rent, this is the most impudent—  
[*Lod. points for him to go.*] Oh! This town will certainly have  
to be blown to the devil. [*Off into hotel.*]

*Lod.* [*Whittling.*] Now, Injun, what is it?

*Wan.* 'Sh! [*Points to Vigilance Committee room.*]

*Lod.* Well!

*Wan.* Committee!

*Lod.* Vigilance? [*WAN. nods.*] How do you know?

*Wan.* Injun sleep there! Crowd! Talk much! Must go,  
or—[*Imitates hanging.*]

*Lod.* So soon, and only here four months. [*Puts up knife,  
puts pencil away calmly.*] And no money to speak of. Just get-  
ting into luck too. Well, if I must, I must. So I'm the marked  
man?

*Wan.* Injun, too!

*Lod.* You? You poor, pitiful sneak! Turn you out! It's  
a damned disgrace to John Loder to be walked out of a town with  
a greasy injun!

*Wan.* More! Old man! [*Points to wall at back.*]

*Lod.* [*Excited.*] What! Wolf and his daughter?

*Wan.* All go!

*Lod.* [*Deeply moved.*] She! By the—it will kill her! What  
has she done? But what the devil am I standing here for?  
Come! [*Excitedly.*] In with me. We must wake him. We  
must agree upon some plan. Come! [*Rushes to the door in  
wall.*] Oh, the cursed wretches! [*Looking back at Vigilance  
Committee's house.*] If I!—Oh, get in, and don't waste time.  
[*Pushes Wan. and exits after him.*]

*ALLEYN and MED enter; he carries her little basket.*

*Med.* This is as far as I go.

*Alleyn.* I wish—I wish it were a mile further.

*Med.* A mile further, and I so tired!

*Al.* Pardon me, I didn't think of that. I was only thinking  
of the pleasure to myself.

*Med.* And why would you be so pleased? Though I used to  
love to walk, to run, to play all day in the woods.

*Al.* Won't you sit down? Just for a moment! Right here.  
I love to hear you talk. [*He gently presses her to sit on seat, R. C.*]  
You are a real backwoods girl, aint you?

*Med.* And you are from the city?

*Al.* Yes! Ever so far away.

*Med.* It is beautiful in the cities where you come from—is it  
not?



*Al.* Very. Wouldn't you like to leave such life as this, and go to the splendid city?

*Med.* Yes, and I will too, if I live.

*Al.* If you live?

*Med.* Yes! Didn't I tell you? No, I told her. They say I'm very sick.

*Al.* You look delicate and pale—but a little rest, a little care—why don't you see the doctor?

*Med.* We never have doctors come out here. But there are agents always travelling about with patent medicines. [*Laughs.*] Oh, it was so funny to see the settlers, big fellows, six feet high, who never knew what it was to be sick, coming into father's cabin with big bottles and little bottles, that cured everything—so the agent said—and making me try them all. I think they made me worse, don't you?

*Al.* [*Sits beside Med.*] But, now—surely you are not ill now?

*Med.* No, I do not suffer now; but the feeling is like—as if the struggle were over.

*Al.* Oh, if I could only do something for you!

*Med.* Yes, that's what they all say.

*Al.* Who are all?

*Med.* Oh, everybody! That is, some particular ones.

*Al.* Who are they? Not lovers! [*MED nods, and plays with his buttonhole.*] Lovers! You! Why you are only a little girl!

*Med.* Aint I big enough to love?

*Al.* Yes, now.

*Med.* And I suppose yesterday I wasn't? Oh, that's not true. I've had so many. Everywhere we went, father and I, somebody was sure to say: "I love you."

*Al.* And you—what did you say?

*Med.* Oh, your necktie is all loose.

*Al.* No, no! Tell me what you said?

*Med.* Let me fix the necktie first.

*Al.* Yes, on condition that you tell me. [*MED ties it while he speaks.*] What did you say when they told you they loved you?

*Med.* I said—I said: "I love you, too."

*Al.* [*Vexed.*] You did? [*About to rise.*] Well, you shan't fix my necktie any more.

*Med.* [*Pulling him down again.*] Nonsense! Let me fix the necktie.

*Al.* [*Pause, then looking up into her eyes.*] Do you know, you're a little witch?



*Med.* [*Rises and goes down stage.*] No! Witches never get sick.

*Al.* When I get to Fort Jackson, I'll send the surgeon over to see you.

*Med.* [*Archly.*] I don't want to see the surgeon.

*Al.* [*Quickly.*] I'll come with him.

*Med.* No, indeed, Mr. Assurance, I didn't mean that. But will you come to see Meddie, truly?

*Al.* Meddie? What an odd name! What does it mean?

*Med.* Why it means me.

*Al.* Then it's just the name you ought to have.

*Med.* But will you come—truly—ever so truly?

*Al.* Yes, indeed, I will.

*Med.* And when are you going away?

*Al.* This very day. [*Looking at watch, crosses R.*] By George, within half an hour! [*Starts up.*] The guides and horses are waiting for me.

*Med.* [*Rises.*] And the pretty lady who is coming yonder—is she going with you?

*Al.* Oh, no! She and her father, and the tall gentleman are going to take the boat down the Big Run River, to explore his grant.

*Med.* I know the river. Wannemucka's tribe belongs there. Only think, an Indian loved me, wanted me to be a princess. [*Laughs.*] I didn't tell *him* I loved him. I told Loder, and Loder knocked him down.

*Al.* What perils surround you, poor little thing!

*Med.* I'm so glad the pretty lady is not going with you.

*Al.* Why?

*Med.* Because!

*Al.* Nothing could make me ever forget Meddie.

*Med.* You are sure.

*Al.* I know it as I know—

*Puts his arm about her waist, when COLUMBIA and MR. SMITH enter, L. 1 E.*

*Med.* Oh! [*Runs up and disappears through gate in wall. AL. does not see where she goes to in his confusion.*]

*Columbia.* Oh, Captain! Caught you in the very act.

*Mr. Smith.* Yes! Very act of besieging the fortress of Beauty.

*Col.* Yes! The very act of throwing the lines of circumvallation around her waist.

*Mr. S.* Where did she go to?



*Col.* Must have run down the street.

*Al.* [*Aside.*] Gone! But I can run over from the Fort and see her, and I will, if I have to—

*Col.* Oh, Captain, don't be so silent. I knew you were struck by her, as soon as we met her. And that was the reason I took the Honorable Mr. Smith around the settlement, while you had a chance to chat with her.

*Al.* You were really so good and amiable to—

*Col.* To get out of the way and leave you two alone?

*Al.* Oh, I don't mean that! But she really is a charming, original, little thing, just the little angel to—

*Col.* To chat with once, and then forget. Nonsense! A puny, sickly, ignorant little backwoods girl! I'm astonished at you! Come! To Fort Jackson! There's your guide, now.

*Enter GUIDE, L. U. E.,*

*Guide.* The horses are saddled, Captain. We only wait for you.

*Al.* Baggage all right?

*Guide.* Yes, sir! Mr. Rowse is down by the Tree Tavern, waiting for you. We'll have to start soon, to get over the ford before dark.

*Al.* [*Crosses.*] Then I'm off.

*Mr. S.* [*To Col.*] We'll see him off, eh?

*Col.* Certainly. We'll see you safe out of here, for fear any other original and charming little girls should detain you.

*Al.* Ah! Spare me this time. It's my first and only flirtation. Perhaps I shall never see her again.

*Col.* Oh, how solemn!

*Mr. S.* By Jove, it's heartrending! [*Laugh, and take him off between them, L. U. E.*]

*LODER enters from the gate, pulling WOLF. His daughter, MEDDIE, follows, clinging to him in fear. After a while WANNEMUCKA follows them out moodily.*

*Loder.* [*As he enters.*] I tell you, governor, it's neck or nothing. The town's up, and we've got to go!

*Wolf.* [*Staring about him.*] Go! [*Vacantly.*] Where?

*Med.* Oh, anywhere from this dreadful danger. Father, father, do try and think. Rouse yourself! Do try and understand our peril.

*Wolf.* Ps'h! My throat's as hot!—Have you got a drop in your flask, Loder?



*Lod.* Don't think of liquor now, governor. Brace up! Be a man!

*Wolf.* I'm past it. I'm a gone body, Loder. I feel it here [*head*] and here [*heart*]. Nothing in me. Let 'em kill, curse 'em. I've travelled thousands of miles, like a madman, for years. Perhaps I'll get a madman's rest now. [*Points to ground.*] The grave!

*Lod.* If you can't take care of yourself, think of your daughter! If you stop here, they'll shoot you, maybe. I've tried the obstinate dodge, and nearly squalled for it. If you're dead, what becomes of her?

*Wolf.* Margaret! Meddie! Dear little Med! You won't leave me?

*Med.* Never, father, while I live. You will go with us. It may not be far. We may find another and kinder settlement; if not, we can go to the Fort.

*Wolf.* I'll not budge a foot. I'm a desperate man, and I'll dare 'em to do their worst.

*Lod.* And your daughter? You told me often that you loved her. You won't trust her to strangers?

*Wolf.* You coward! You'll desert us, will you?

*Lod.* Look here, governor, I'm not a coward when I have a show. But I don't fight mobs. Besides, I'm tired of this place. It's getting too civilized for me. When civilization steps in, it's time for John Loder to make a move higher up. I mean to put for some infant settlement a little nearer the Horizon, and give it a lift. [*Goes up, R.*]

*Wolf.* Go then! Back out! Leave us!

*Wannemucka.* [*Coming forward.*] Wannemucka friend! No leave old Wolf to die by the dogs. Injun honest! Take care of young white girl. [*Lod. starts, looks around.*]

*Wolf.* You! Trust my child to you!

*Wan.* Indian honest! [*Lod. regards him coolly.*] Wannemucka chief of tribes. Take white maiden there. Be a princess.

*Med.* [*Terrified.*] Oh, father! [*Clinging to Wolf.*]

*Wolf.* You copper-colored scoundrel! You dare to think of my daughter—a lady—[*Strikes him.*]

*Med.* Oh, father, don't! Let us fly together! Oh, Heaven, what will become of me?

*Lod.* [*Approaching.*] Whatever happens, little girl, no harm shall come to you, while I have breath and blood to spend. [*Noise of voices and mob heard.*] Come, old man, will you start?

*Wolf.* No!

*Lod.* Then put your girl in the house before the pack is on us.



*Wolf.* Take her!

*Med.* Oh, bring him with us! [*To Lod.*] Do not leave him!

*Lod.* Don't fear, I'll do what I can.

*Stage growing darker. Voices heard nearer. LOD. leads MED to gate, she exits, he closes it. Voices louder. Windows of the newspaper office open, and the heads of SCOTT, of Scott Cañon, and others of the Committee, appear. Mob enters, R. U. E., headed by BLAKELY, MACKENZIE, etc.*

*Blakely.* [*As he enters.*] Here they are, all together! Bring along the other scamp! [*The other, Chinee, is thrust forward among exiles.*]

			MOB.		
	MOB.	MAC.		LODER.	
	MOB.	BLAK.	WOLF.	CHINEE.	
SCOTT.	[ <i>At Window.</i> ]				WAN.
RIGHT.					LEFT.

*Scott.* [*As crowd yell.*] Gentlemen, order! Order!

*Blak.* Silence, boys—for the Committee.

*Scott.* Gentlemen, the Committee has decided.

*Mackenzie.* Three cheers for the Committee!

*Scott.* [*Puts on glasses, reads from paper.*] The Committee having proceeded according to law and the traditions of the Border, have found the following persons guilty of the following crimes: [*Turning to another leaning over him.*] Colonel, will you jest oblige me by moving your everlasting elbow out of my back! [*Resumes reading.*] John Loder, gambler and fighter!

*Blak.* Stand out, Loder!

*Lod.* Anything to oblige, Judge! I say, Scotty!

*Scott.* Well! [*Looks down.*]

*Lod.* You couldn't give me a reference to the next place, could you? [*Mob laugh and shout: "Good boy!" "Game!"*]

*Blak.* Order! Order!

*Scott.* Wolf Van Dorp, drunkard, gambler, and nuisance generally!

*Wolf.* [*Rousing up.*] Stop! What name was that?

*Scott.* Your own name, I reckon.

*Wolf.* It's a lie! Strike it out!

*Scott.* Not while the evidence is before the Court. [*Packet is handed him from inside.*] A bundle of old letters, newspaper cuttings, etc., found in your house.



*Wolf.* You've robbed my house, you thieves!

*Scott.* I reckon we took an everlasting squint about your premises, while you were drunk last night, and found it. But the Court's done with it. You may take it. [*Flings it out.* *WOLF grasps it eagerly, looks over it, then puts it in Lod.'s hand, and whispers to him.*]

*Scott.* Wannemucka, Indian, gambler and horse-thief, as the Committee suspects! [*WAN. folds his blanket and grunts.*] Chinee, heathen and mean-spirited furriner!

*Chinee.* Me? No, Melican, me no bad! Love Melican! Work—no play—no gamble—no drunk—poor Chinee man!

*Scott.* Judge, will you give that critter an all-fired squelcher! [*BLAK. attends to Chinee.*] The sentence of the Committee is, that the aforesaid persons, all and singular, git up and git out of this settlement within thirty calendar minutes from the reading of this verdict. [*The mob cry out and menace the group.* *SCOTT folds up paper.*] What do the prisoners at the bar say?

*Lod.* Gentlemen, for my part, I always bow to the will of the people. The population having unanimously elected me to represent them in some other settlement, I beg leave to thank them, and gracefully retire.

*Wolf.* [*Whispers to him.*] Don't fail me, lad! That packet to Med. In your charge I leave her, remember!

*Lod.* Trust me! [*Bows to mob.*] Gentlemen, good evening! [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

*Wan.* [*Who had listened.*] Injun remember, too. [*Aloud.*] Palefaces! Wannemucka glad to go to his tribe! [*Stalks off, L., and during the ensuing scene creeps back stealthily and takes his rifle, then goes off behind houses, R. U. E.*]

*Scott.* Clean out the rest. [*The Chinee is hustled out, L. U. E., and the crowd return to seize Wolf.*]

*Wolf.* One moment! [*All stop.*] You may kill me, but I don't go!

*Crowd.* Hang him! Hang him!

*Wolf.* Well, you can't hang me but once!

*The mob rush at him with a yell. One of them, MAC., makes a noose, when ROWSE enters, and interferes.*

*Rowse.* Stop, you fellows! Am I in time? No one hung up yet, I hope?

*Scott.* Who's this?

*Row.* I'm the landlord here, and I want to know, who gives notice to quit, while I'm about?

*Blak.* [*To Scott.*] He's crazy!



*Scott.* Then clean him out! [*Mob advances.*]

*Row.* [*Draws a pair of revolvers, crowd halts.*] I thought not. Now fellow-citizens, listen to me. What are you going to do with this old man?

*Scott.* He's been ordered to leave and he won't.

*Row.* Well, what then?

*Mac.* Then he must be strung up.

*Row.* [*Shaking hands.*] Oh, how are you again, neighbor. [*Crowd murmur.*] You won't hang him till he's tried, will you? The committee, as far as I can get at it, only agreed to turn him out. He must be tried before he's sentenced to be hung, mustn't he? [*Mob murmur.*]

*Scott.* That's so, gentlemen. The stranger's correct; we must try him for refusing to go.

*Row.* [*Takes off his hat, puts it on ground, and mounts chair on stand, L.*] Fellow-citizens: Let us not be irregular, let us not proceed to mob law, let us give the prisoner at the bar a fair shake before he steps out on the rope-walk and misses his footing in the circumnambient air; is that law? [*Mob assent among themselves.*]

*Scott.* [*Blandly.*] I beg pardon. What is the gentleman's name?

*Row.* [*Blandly.*] Rowse! Sundown Rowse, of Washington, District of Columbia!

*Scott.* [*To mob.*] Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Rowse, of Washington. Mr. Mayor, a glass of water for the speaker. [*Canteens, bottles and flasks passed to Row.*]

*Row.* Thanks! Gentlemen, we are here proceeding according to law. Not the musty statutes of effete systems and oligarchies of the Old World, but the natural law implanted in the bosoms of man since our common ancestors were washed, wrung out and hung up to dry by the universal flood.

*Mob.* Hear! hear! Go in! [*SCOTT and committee clap their hands.*]

*Row.* What do I find? I find the public characters of the town are called upon to do justice to their fellow-man. In such cases, in my experience, it is not uncommon to ask any prominent citizen from another, and friendly settlement, Washington or New York, for instance, to meet with the committee and form a general High Commission to settle all disputed points. Am I right, or am I not?

*Scott.* [*Who during the proceeding has consulted with the committee.*] Mr. Rowse is correct. Such has been generally the practice. The committee respectfully invite Mr. Rowse to step up and jine the deliberations. [*All applaud, Row. is handed down, his hat is given him and is escorted to door, L.*]



*Row.* Thanks! fellow-citizens! Thanks!

*Scott.* The committee also invite all citizens to keep their feelins suppressed for ten calendar minutes longer, while the deliberations is going on. [*Disappears.*]

*Blak.* All right, governor! Boys come in and see what old Tennessee Rocks has got. [*Shout from crowd, who press forward and exit into hotel*]

*Wolf.* [*Alone and eagerly.*] They mean to do their worst. Life is precious after all. [*Picks up a flask which one of the crowd has dropped and drinks.*] It gives me new courage. I am not too late. I can yet fly with my child.

*Runs eagerly up to gate. Shot heard from behind, R. WOLF falls. WANNEMUCKA appears, throws gun down near body, jumps up on shed.*

*Wannemucka.* Now injun have white princess!

*LODER and MED appear at gateway.*

*Loder.* You red devil! Come and take her!

*The mob rush from hotel, L. The committee and ROWSE appear at windows, R.*

CURTAIN.



## ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The stage represents the head of flatboat navigation on Big Run. Fort Jackson is supposed to be situated here, and on the R., up stage, a low, one story store shed projects, surmounted by a flagstaff and colors flying. The bank of the river extends from R. to L. At back is a view of wild country, through which the Big Run winds its course. A flatboat is moored in the stream, a little to the R., and is approached by a sort of gang-plank from the bank. The time is afternoon. The curtain rises upon a scene of bustle.*

SERGEANT CROCKET is directing soldiers, who are loading the boat with bags, barrels and bundles from shed, R., and CEPHAS and other darkies are loading it with wood from L. CEPH. carries a single, very small log for each load, singing or whistling with each trip. The HEATHEN CHINEE, BLAKELY and WAHCOTAH are playing cards on the ground by L. lower entrance. A sentry is on duty at back on bank, from C. to L., and off. The curtain rises to a chorus of the darkies loading up.

*Cephas and Darkies:—*

“I’m proud to be in the service of the Lord,  
And I’m bound to die in his army.”

*As darkies go off for another load, CEPH. comes down and leans on his stick of wood, looking over the group of card players.*

*Ceph.* Hi! dars de way dem trash has of musin’ dereselves.  
[*To Chinee.*] Hi! you, play de ace, you cussed fool.

*Blakely,* Play the ace? Why, not him! He’s tried five aces on us already.

*Chinee.* Me no understand!

*Blak.* Don’t understand, eh? Well, what you *don’t* understand would furnish brains for a mosquito.

*Ceph.* Hi! golly! Chinee wipe nigger out, eh?

*Blak.* Well, for “Ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain.” Why he’s won all my terbacker already! Ain’t you, Chinee?

*Chinee.* Me poor chap! No understand Melican. [*Sudden grab at trick BLAK. is about to take.*] Mine, Melican!



*Wahcotah.* [Throwing down his cards.] Ugh! Cheatee!

*Blak.* [Drawing a dirk.] That's the sixth ace in this hand; let me go for that heathen. [CHINEE starts up, runs towards shed. BLAK. after him, stopped by SER.]

*Sergeant.* Come! none of that! Let this poor devil alone. Get aboard with you! [BLAK. goes off muttering into boat.] Come, African, lively with that wood there.

*Ceph.* All right, massa serjiant. [Sings as he goes off into boat:]

“I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,  
And I'm bound to die in his army.”

MR. SMITH enters from L., looking back. He is dressed in Western prairie fashion, but with silk hat, gun and bag.

*Mr. Smith.* Yes! This way! come along.

*Widow Mullins.* [Outside.] Heaven bless your honor, that's what I say.

WIDOW MULLINS enters, followed by a young girl, her daughter, and a little girl, from L. U. E.

*Ser.* Well, Honorable, what sort of game is that you've got?

COLUMBIA appears on boat.

*Mr. S.* Game! Yes! you know—oh! there Miss Columbia! By Jove—good morning!

*Columbia.* Good morning! Here, you boys, give me a hand.

*Soldiers.* That we will, Miss! [CEPH. again comes. Two men run forward and help her across gang-plank.]

*Col.* Thanks! [Comes down, c., and confronts Widow and others all laden with packs on their backs.] Mercy, who are these?

*Ser.* You must ask the Honorable, miss, he brought 'em in.

*Widow.* Faith, an' he did—long life to him and more whiskers if he wants 'em.

*Col.* Irish! Irish out here?

*Wid.* Irish! out here; faix, ma'am, an' did iver ye go anywhere you didn't see the Irish?

*Mr. S.* Yas! I was surprised myself. You see I was out trying to start some game, and all in a minute I came out on the place, about three miles yonder, where these poor people live.

*Ser.* Oh, you are the Mullinses?

*Wid.* Yis! We are the Mullinses! This is my daughter Rhody, ma'am, an' this is Molly, sir! and we were sitting by ou



house—more by token, it was no house at all, seein' it had been knocked over by the Indians—crying our eyes out, whin this gentleman come up—

*Rhody.* Thru for ye, mother.

*Col.* Your house knocked over?

*Ser.* By the Indians? When?

*Mr. S.* Last night, they told me.

*Rhod.* Thru for ye, sir!

*Col.* Must be the same party Capt. Alleyn has gone after with pa! I hope they'll catch 'em, the red ugly things.

*Mr. S.* When did they go?

*Col.* Just after you left this morning. A scout ran in and told the captain about a party of Indians who had been seen in force along the river.

*Mr. S.* Then, by Jove, I've had a narrow escape. It's well I came back so early with these poor people.

*Wid.* It's well ye did, sir, for if the Indians got ye, they'd make elegant work of that fine head of hair of yours.

*Mr. S.* By Jove, they might have scalped my whiskers.

*Rhod.* Thru for ye, sir!

*Col.* But why did the Indians attack you?

*Wid.* [WAH. *listens quietly.*] Faith, they were looking for fire arms and 'munition, they said. An' whin I tould 'em I was only a poor widdy and my husband was dead wid the chills and fever, and divil a gun we had, dey just knocked over the shanty and left us cryin'.

*Ser.* How many were there?

*Wid.* Faith, I was so worried I couldn't see; a thousand I'm thinking.

*Rhod.* Sure, mother, there was only three.

*Wid.* Now, Rhody, how can ye say dat?

*Rhod.* I obsarved 'em and heard them speak of a larger party they were going to join.

*Ser.* Ah! They were scouts then. We'll soon find out when the captain comes back.

*Rhod.* [To *Col.*] Please, ma'am, can you tell us what we're to do? We're got no home now, 'an sure we're afraid to go back.

*Col.* What do you want to do?

*Wid.* Sure, ma'am, we want to get near some settlement where we'll be snug and safe.

*Col.* We're all going down the river this evening, about thirty miles to a settlement. We go in the boat there; would you like to come?

*Wid.* Sure and that we would, ma'am. [*Distant gun heard.*]

*Ser.* [*Going up to boat.*] That must be the captain now.



*Col.* Oh, there comes my pa, then; I'll get him to find room for you, and you shall go with us.

*Wid.* Heaven bless ye, ma'am!

*Rhod.* Bless ye, ma'am! Thank the lady, Molly. } *Together.*

*Ser.* [*On boat, looking off.*] Yes, there's the party.

*Mr. S.* Any captive Indians?

*Ser.* No! eh? [*Looking off.*] Something very odd. Mr. Rowse has got something. [*WAH. interested.*] A dog, I think, is following at his heels.

*Mr. S.* [*To Col.*] By Jove, how odd! I go to hunt buffaloes and bag an Irish family. And your father goes to capture Indians and brings back a bow-wow!

*Col.* Oh, you amusing creature. But don't you like this exciting life? Isn't it romantic? Nothing but alarums, Indians, scouting and scalping—charming!

*Mr. S.* Very!

*Col.* So delicious. You go to bed at night and never know if you'll ever get up to breakfast again.

*Mr. S.* Yes.

*Col.* To go and take a romantic walk by the side of a placid stream, expecting every moment to have your bonnet strings cut by a bullet—

*Mr. S.* Delightful!

*Col.* Let's go and take a walk. We have still time enough, before the boat will be ready to start.

*Mr. S.* [*Nervously.*] Certainly! with pleasure! and if the Indians surprise us—

*Col.* You will divert their attention—while I run back for help.

*Mr. S.* Oh, ye-es! [*Both exit, off R.*]

ALLEYN and soldiers and darkey enter, L. Soldiers enter shed, R.

*Ser.* [*Salutes.*] Captain!

*Alleyn.* No luck so far, sergeant. We must have a party to scour the river bank to-night. It's not safe to send the boat down unprotected.

*Ser.* Indians really about, sir; this poor family were surprised last night by three scouts, and they spoke of a larger party.

*Al.* We came on the trail of an Indian family, and found an old squaw with her child. The woman fled, leaving the infant.

*Ser.* That's what we saw with Mr. Rowse then, sir!

*Al.* [*Laughing.*] Yes, he seized the infant, not knowing what he was doing. She has clung to him ever since, and he's rather annoyed at it. Where is the friendly Indian you spoke of this morning, who hangs about the fort?



Ser. [*Calls.*] Wahcotah!

Wah. [*Advancing.*] Injun here!

Al. What tribe is it that surprised this poor family?

Wah. No tribe. No warriors, only boys. Indian boys love fun.

Al. Are you sure? But the squaw and child were found to-day—

Wah. Wahcotah not know. Many squaws. Many papoose. [*Waves his hand to take in the whole country.*]

Al. You are friendly to us, I understand?

Wah. Yes! Injun friendly!

Al. Are there any warriors in this neighborhood?

Wah. No!

Al. It is safe for the boat to go down the stream to-night?

Wah. Safe!

Al. All right then. [*To Ser.*] We'll send a double force out since this friendly Indian is so sure there is no danger. Is every one in? [*WAH. retires.*]

Ser. All in but two, Captain. The young girl and that gambler chap from Rogue's Rest.

Al. The young girl. Where is she?

Ser. Miss Rowse said they'd be back before night.

Al. If they don't, the boat must wait for them.

Ser. Wait for them? They can easily overtake the boat.

Al. A weak, delicate, little thing like that?

Ser. No better than the rest of the lot I'm afraid, sir!

Al. What do you mean?

Ser. Why, she belongs to the worst crowd in the place. I've seen her often at Rogue's Rest. You don't know Western people, sir, like us old hands.

Al. Perhaps not. But as for her I'd stake my life—! Hem! no matter. Look after the boat. [*SER. goes up.*] These fellows will laugh at me. [*Exits into shed, R.*]

Ser. The captain's struck with her, sure. Well, he ain't the first. I was that way myself when I saw her last, but hallo! [*Looking off, L.*] Here's Rowse and his little injun sure enough.

MUSIC "*Little Indians.*" ROWSE enters in great confusion, followed by NOTAH clinging to his coat. WAH. watches.

Rowse. Oh, bother, you young sarpint! get out.

Notah. No—no—no—no!

Row. You confounded little imp! What do you mean by hanging to me for? I don't want you.

Not. Oona gow ga tcheka!



Row. What?

Not. Oona gow ga tcheka—poo!

Row. Stop swearing! I wonder what she means by that? If she could only speak English, I might reason with her. I don't know any Indian. What's your name?

Not. Oona gow ga tcheka! Chun ge gah! Bees mah!

Row. Bismarck! It can't be possible! I say, why don't you go home?

Not. [*Impatiently.*] Ugh!

Row. Won't you please go home to your family. I never was a mother, and I don't know what to do for you.

Not. [*Same.*] Ugh!

Ser. You've got a nice captive there, sir!

Row. [*CHILD following.*] I wish I hadn't. I took hold of the little devil when her mother run away, just to look at her, when she caught hold of my coat-tail, and hasn't let go since.

Ser. [*To Not.*] Wont-ee come-ee to me-ee?

Not. No—no—no—no!

Row. Oh no! All of 'em have tried that.

Ser. Here's an Indian, sir, maybe he can tell you what she wants.

Row. Eh? Where is he? Here you!

Wah. Injun here.

Row. What's this little red imp mean by hanging on to me in this way?

Wah. Little papoose belong to Wannemucka's tribe.

Row. I don't know Wannemucka's tribe, and I'm not an orphan asylum. Speak to her. [*WAH. touches Not. on shoulder. She starts back and clings to Row.*]

Not. Oona gow ga tcheka! Chun ge gah!

Wah. She say—white father got her—white father keep her always.

Row. The deuce she does!

Not. Looka nah ta poocha. No!

Wah. She say her father big chief!

Row. Then why don't she go back to him?

Wah. Injun papoose cunning. You capture papoose. Big chief father come after you.

Row. Eh!

Wah. She keep close to you—big chief know you took papoose.

Row. And what then?

Wah. Big chief kill man steal his papoose.

Row. Then she's hanging on to my coat-tail so as to identify me as the right man for big chief to kill. [*Shakes Not. off.*]



Here you, get off! Thunder and lightning, what a prospect! [*Walks about followed by Not.*] I might as well have a death-warrant pinned to my back at once. I shall have to dye my hair and black my eyes—I mean my face—to avoid recognition. Let go, you little imp. [*Throws her to Ser., who holds her, laughing.*]

*Not.* Ah chee mah poo da! Ah chee! Poo da!

*Row.* Just hear her swear! I havn't the slightest doubt that's very profane in the Cherokee language.

*Wah.* Me take all trouble. Me take papoose, carry her back to tribe. White man safe den!

*Row.* Will you? That's a good fellow!

*Wah.* Come! [*About to take Not.*]

*Ser.* Not so fast. We can't let her go!

*Wah.* No!

*Row.* Why not?

*Ser.* Not while the Indians are up and likely to give us trouble. You've made a lucky capture, Mr. Rowse. I think this is the child of some important chief. If so, we can hold her as a hostage, and it may save somebody's life in the event of trouble.

*Row.* So she may. I recollect that rascally Wannemucka tried to steal old Wolf's daughter, and when Loder was too sharp for him, he slunk off, swearing he'd have her yet. We'll block his domino with this little hostage.

*Wah.* Me no have papoose?

*Row.* [*Crosses to Not.*] Not till I get safe to Big Run settlement, and leave old Wolf's daughter in safety. Then you can tell Big Chief to send me a receipt in full, and I'll give him the chick.

*Wah.* But papoose want to go home.

*Row.* Does she? We'll see. [*To Not.*] Hanky—panky—hickory—dickory?

*Not.* Me—ho—na—watee!

*Row.* She says she won't go home till morning, and don't want to be put in her little bed. Come along. [*Row. exits into boat and down hatches, R. Ser. laughs and goes up, R. Wah. slinks off, L., and presently re-appears in the water, climbs into boat and goes below by opening, L.*]

GENTLE MUSIC. *MED enters with little bundle, her hand on LODER's shoulder.*

*Med.* See, we are here at last!

*Loder.* After a very hard day's tramp for you, little girl.



*Med.* For me? Why you carried me across all the fords and almost over all the hills. I'm not tired. To-night we will be floating down the river with our friends, and by to-morrow we will be safe in another settlement.

*Lod.* But your father's last wishes—

*Med.* [*Sinking on mound, L.*] Poor father! Not even a last word for me.

*Lod.* You weep for him. Well, well, perhaps it was only because he *was* your father.

*Med.* Why, what do you mean?

*Lod.* I mean he didn't do a father's part to drag you—you, a lady—through the world like the child of a thief.

*Med.* But he loved me, and so I cry for him.

*Lod.* I won't say another word agin him, princess! I don't know what fine feelings are, and so I'll keep quiet.

*Med.* Yes, you do! You're kinder to me than anybody—aint you?

*Lod.* That's why I want to take you home.

*Med.* Home? Where?

*Lod.* To New York.

*Med.* Oh, yes, so you told me. All about that rich lady who is my mother, and who turned my poor dead father out of her house.

*Lod.* [*Taking packet of letters from his pocket.*] So these letters say. And a strange story it is.

*Med.* Do you think my father's daughter would ever enter that lady's house, sit by her side, live in luxury and comfort, and yet dream every night of the far-off town where *he* was treated like a wild animal, shot down like a dog—and all her fault?

*Lod.* But you are her daughter!

*Med.* And he was her husband. If I were married, and the man I promised to love were the greatest villain—[*Crosses to R.*]

*Lod.* [*Eagerly.*] You could love him?

*Med.* Pshaw! I don't know what I'm saying. [*Turning to him.*] Promise me, you won't speak of my mother again nor of taking me back to New York.

*Lod.* Where will you go then?

*Med.* With you. Where you go.

*Lod.* [*Recoiling.*] With me?

*Med.* Can't I go with you?

*Lod.* [*Laughs.*] Why I'm Panther. That's what I'm called out here in this red wilderness. I can't read nor write. I'm always up at knives' point with some one or other! I've been shot at fifty times and turned out of three Territories by Vigilance Committees.



*Med.* I don't mind that. You are the only friend I have in all the world.

*Lod.* I tell you, girl, it can't be done!

*Med.* Why not?

*Lod.* Your father left you to my care.

*Med.* Then you must take care of me.

*Lod.* Yes. I can watch over you day and night. If anything happened to you, I should see ghosts.

*Med.* And so, if you take care of me, you can't fight, nor drink, nor go off with horrible men to gamble. Do you love these things better than me?

*Lod.* Well no! But I know something of the world. People would say I persuaded you to stay with me. I tell you, it's no use talking. I'm a scoundrel, and I must take you to your mother.

*Med.* If you were as bad as you say, you would not. I don't believe you. You were always good to me. I know you used often to give father money, just when you saw my dress was ragged and my feet were almost on the ground, so that he could buy things for me. Oh, I'm wiser than you think, and I loved you for it.

*Lod.* You loved! [*Aside.*] Oh, if I were only an honest man. But it's getting too hot for you, Loder. You must think of some damned rascally trick to stop this. If she would only fall in love with somebody who would marry her and take her home!

*Med.* What are you thinking of? Me?

*Lod.* [*She leans against his shoulder, clasps his arm.*] Oh, ah, yes! [*Aside.*] I'll pick out some decent chap. Some young fellow who don't play cards. I'll put her in his way; he's sure to love her; who could help it?

*Med.* I never saw such a stupid, dull fellow as you are.

*Lod.* [*Crossing to R.*] Me? Yes! [*Aside.*] I'll keep out of her sight.

*Med.* I do believe you hate me!

*Lod.* Hate you?

*Med.* Then why don't you love me? I want somebody to love me—now—poor papa is gone. [*Sinks on mound.*]

*Lod.* [*Aside.*] Yes, that's how I'll fix it, and if all turns out well! if she falls in love with him [*moved*] and marries him! and goes back to New York with him! I'll see them safe off and blow my own worthless brains out comfortably.



ALLEYN *entering from R.*

*Alleyn.* Almost time to start. [*Sees Med.*] Why, my little prairie flower!

*Med.* [*Coquettishly nestling up to Lod.*] Is that you?

*Al.* I have been so anxious about you.

*Lod.* Who is this?

*Med.* The young captain from New York.

*Lod.* From New York? [*Goes up.*]

*Al.* Who's your suspicious looking friend?

*Med.* He is my *best*—my only friend.

*Al.* Oh! [*To Lod.*] I say, are you going down in the boat?

*Lod.* Well, if she goes down, I reckon I'll go down with her.

*Al.* Then you'd better jump aboard and be lively. [*CEPH. and BLAKELY appear on boat, getting out poles. LOD. up L. C. MED. about to go.*] *Med!* [*She draws back and looks towards Lod., he insists on her remaining.*] Just one word, Med. I'm so happy to see you again. I've never stopped thinking of you since that day. [*Takes her up R.*]

*Lod.* [*Coming down L.*] Curse his soft tongue! He'll capture her heart! Hallo! But that's what I've been wanting! After all it's a hard thing to stand. She said she loved me—and—! Damn it, I'll take my medicine like a man anyway. [*Goes up and on board and assists the boatmen.*]

*Al.* [*Coming down with Med.*] I'm not going on the boat with you, but I take a party of soldiers with me to guard its course for a few miles down the stream.

*Med.* Oh! I'm safe now. Panther will take care of me.

*Al.* Panther?

*Med.* Yes! You saw him just now. You don't like him, but I do, and so good-bye!

*Al.* But Med—

*Med.* [*Running to boat.*] Good-bye! Good-bye! [*Runs to Lod.*]

COLUMBIA and MR. SMITH *enter, R.*

*Columbia.* Now, Honorable! [*To Al.*] Is papa on board?

*Al.* Yes! and everybody else except you and Smith.

*Col.* Come, Honorable! Take care of yourself, Captain.

*Al.* I'll try to! [*As she is going up the gang-plank, noise heard of Rowse's voice.*]

*Col.* What's that?



WAHCOTAH appears with NOTAH at bow of boat, L., followed by ROWSE, who snatches at Not.

Rowse. No, you don't, you red devil! [*Seizes Not. and kicks the Indian over upon bank.*]

Wahcotah. Big chief on the trail! Wahcotah warn him! [*Exit with a run off L.*]

Col. Why, pa! What have you got there?

Al. What's all this?

Row. No interference, Cap. I've got this young papoose in safe-keeping. She's a policy of insurance on all our lives. All aboard! [*Col. is handed up by MR. S.*] Cast off! [*SER. and soldiers draw in gang-plank and draw it off, R.*] Good-bye, Cap. [*BLAK. and CHINEE and CEPH. commence to pole the boat off and the scene begins to change. Panorama of river. Scene begins to grow darker.*]

Row. Be hearty now, boys. I guess I'll go below and secure my captive. A piece of bread and butter will do the business. [*Exits below.*]

Al. Sergeant, get the men in line. Good night! [*Goes off R.*]

Group on boat: MED., who had taken Col.'s hand, sits in prow, L. with MR. S. The top deck is occupied by boatmen. LOD. sits in stern, R. The group of Irish are central figures.

Mr. Smith. It's very romantic, 'pon honor!

Col. [*To Med.*] Are you comfortable, dear?

Widow. Faix, can any of ye's give me a light?

Cephas. Here you is, old lady.

ROWSE re-appearing.

Rowse. Come, boys, push her lively.

Blakely. All right, Cap.

SONG BY BOATMEN.

The boatmen dance, the boatmen sing,  
The boatmen are up to everything.  
When the boatmen goes ashore,  
He spends his money and works for more.

DANCE.—The boatmen, etc.

I never saw a pretty girl in all my life,  
But she was a boatmen's wife, etc.

DANCE.—The boatmen, etc.



*The WIDOW dances to this music and the song grows fainter as the panorama closes the scene and forms*

SCENE 2.—*A dense wood and dark night. WAHCOTAH moves in noiselessly from R. and through it as if through shrubbery, and looks about him. Two other Indians emerge from scene, L. The other song merges into music of a march, at first very faint.*

*Wahcotah.* Where is Wannemucka?

*Indian.* Coming, river side! [*Music of march more forte.*]

*Wah.* Sh, soldiers!

*The Indians glide back towards R. as the music grows louder and ALLEYN, SERGEANT and file of soldiers with rifles enter, R. 1 E.*

*Alleyn.* How far can we keep the boat in sight from this path?

*Sergeant.* We can keep within three hundred feet of the river bank for at least twelve miles.

*Al.* Can we keep up with the boat on foot? At what rate do they pole her down?

*Ser.* They don't pole the boat after they get into the open stream. The current takes them down about a mile, or a mile and a half an hour.

*Al.* Oh, then it will be easy to keep up with it.

*Ser.* We're half a mile ahead of it now, besides there'll be no fear of any attack to-night, Captain!

*Al.* I'm not an old Western campaigner, Sergeant, but it seems to me that your confidence upon that point doesn't justify our neglecting any precautions.

*Ser.* Of course not, Captain; but it does argufy that we needn't creep through the woods all night at a snail's pace when we might push on, and keep the road clear by driving the Indians before us.

*Al.* That's sense. I suppose there's no danger of their closing in our rear and attacking the boat.

*Ser.* All the Injuns in the wackcinity are ahead of us, I'll swear.

*Al.* Well, we can push on then. [*The chorus again heard faintly.*] Where did you sight the boat last?

*Ser.* Drifting down behind us safe enough. There! don't you hear 'em?

*Al.* Sure enough! Well, come, my boys! On! March!



MUSIC, march. *All off, L. Music fainter.* WANNEMUCKA enters, R. 1 E., after them. *A pause. He throws himself on the ground.* WAHCOTAH'S head appears through bushes, L.; they meet.

Wannemucka. Little snake heard the white braves?

Wahcotah. Much talk! White braves talk like Indian squaws!

Wan. Ugh! Boat?

Wah. Boat full. Come slow!

Wan. Who?

Wah. Papoose! Notah!

Wan. Ugh! Prairie Dog's papoose! [*Other Indians creep through branches from R.*] What white squaws on boat?

Wah. Ugh! Wannemucka's squaw!

Wan. Mine! All mine!

Wah. Panther with her!

Wan. [*Shows knife.*] Wannemucka knows where to strike White Panther! [*Distant and faint sound of song heard, as if from boat.*]

Wah. Boat come. Big chief strike now?

Wan. Now! hist! Braves follow Wannemucka! Close! hist! close! *Exeunt, 2 R. E.*

*Singing still faint, but nearer. All the Indians off, L. The scene gradually begins to open and the dense forest to clear, disclosing the moon, and then a large clearing through which is shown—:*



SCENE 3.—*A narrow bend in the Big Run River. From the bank on extreme L., about 2 E., a blasted and fallen tree trunk stretches over to R., dipping the water near the fourth groove. WANNEMUCKA and three Indians are concealed on this tree. WAHCOTAH and another are in the water near L. C. Other Indians concealed behind logs and trees.*

*The song is heard more plainly. It is Med and Columbia singing, seated in the extreme bow of boat, a low and plaintive ballad. The boat gradually moves on from R. to L., passing beneath the fallen tree. Groups on boat same as before. All asleep. Rowse not in sight. Mr. Smith not in sight. As it approaches where WAHCOTAH lies concealed, he rises from the water and stops it, raising his body out of the water and grinning at the two girls.*

*Med. Why, the boat has stopped. Wake, Loder! [Turns and sees the Indian.] Ah! [Piercing scream and starts back.]*

*WANNEMUCKA drops from branch of tree on deck and seizes Med and half raises her. COLUMBIA rises in alarm on deck. WAHCOTAH threatens her with hatchet. ROWSE runs out of cabin to her aid. LODER springs up in alarm, as two more Indians drop down upon deck. They fall upon CEPHAS and BLAKELY, who roll over with them at back.*

*Med. Help! help!*

*Wannemucka. Come!*

*Loder. Indian, drop that girl!*

*Indian yell from all sides. WAN. draws dirk and runs at Lod. WIDOW seizes Med and holds her. LOD. seizes WAN., who bends him over the boat with the dirk at his throat. ROWSE engages the Indians, who clamber up sides of boat, and fights them with a bag of meal. LOD. finally releases one hand, draws a Derringer and fires at WAN., who leaps up, staggers front and falls. The drum and sound of approaching soldiers heard as the—*

CURTAIN FALLS.



## ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*A stockade or primitive fort in the prairie. Time—second day from the incidents of last act. The stage represents the interior of the stockade, or two sides of it, with the angle in C. All around it is the horizon. A closed shed, R. and L., within the stockade, beside the walls. Stakes of stockade about ten feet high. Gate, L. A clump of trees, R. U. stage outside. Rocks and bush growths, L. of stage outside.*

*As curtain rises, several groups are formed inside stockade. WIDOW is cooking with pot swung on sticks over faggot fire and ladle in hand. CEPHAS watching and blowing the fire. RHODA and MOLLY looking on. Soldiers here and there in groups, outside stockade and inside, cleaning rifles. COLUMBIA is walking up and down from R. to L. with ALLEYN, his hat on her head coquettishly and carrying his sword. BLAKELY and CHINEE looking over stockade at back. They come down presently and join Ceph.*

*Columbia.* Oh, you should have seen us!

*Alleyn.* Terrific, no doubt!

*Col.* I don't know how many Indians we killed.

*Al.* Yes, the enemy was so ashamed of the defeat that even the dead men disappeared.

*Col.* But it's no laughing matter. Indians right up to you in the dead of night!

*Widow.* Faix, you may say that. 'An the diviltry of 'em wantin' to run off wid de young creature. [BLAK., CEPH. and CHINEE make a dive at soup and are caught.]

*Al.* If I once lay my sword on Wannemucka I'll make an example of him to every amalgamationist in the territory.

*Col.* So singular that he should be in love with Med.

*Al.* Hem, very!

*Col.* You'd suppose now that he'd like a bold, brave woman, something like a princess. Med is so timid. I used to think I'd like to have an Indian brave fall in love with me—so romantic.

*Al.* Set your cap for Wannemucka.

*Col.* I mean a real noble savage, not a dirty, common Indian.

*Al.* They're all the same.

*Col.* Somebody like Fennimore Cooper's braves.

*Wid.* Coopers, is it? Faix, all trades is alike, they're all a dirty pack, and coopers is no better nor any of 'em.



ROWSE enters, followed by NOTAH from gate, c. NOT. has a newspaper cocked hat and rides a stick, but still holds on to Row's coat, as usual.

Rowse. Time to be stirring! All's safe! I've prospected for a quarter of a mile in every direction, and I've come to the conclusion that this is the most desirable spot in the whole country for me to get up and clear out from, as fast as possible. I shan't lay the foundation of Rowseville, the future metropolis of the West, in this spot, I can tell you.

Al. Then what direction shall we take?

Row. Further in towards that little cluster of woods yonder, just on the stream. That's the spot for Rowseville.

Al. Then we must be getting ready. Sergeant! [SER. advances.] Have the men ready. We must push back to the bend and bring the teams up to carry the ladies and stores. [SER. retires up to soldiers, who rise and file out of gate.] Mr. Rowse, will you stay here with the ladies, and act as guard till we return?

Row. Certainly! So will Loder.

Al. No! Loder, or whatever his name is, must go with us.

Row. Why? Confound you, you young mosquito, do you want to strip me? [To Not.]

Al. I have my suspicions about that Loder. Here he is.

LODER enters at gate and looks around, then goes to shed, R., and sits. He carries a rifle, and is followed by MR. SMITH with another.

Watch his eye. [COL. goes to meet MR. S.]

Row. Looks shot. Guess he's been up all night playing poker with your men.

Al. I tell you he's a rascal. I've watched him when he's been talking to—

Row. To whom?

Al. Well, never mind. But he's not to be trusted. [Goes up and off among his men, looking suspiciously towards Lod.]

Row. [To Col.] And how's our little patient?

Col. She's been sleeping in the hut there, all the morning. We made her as comfortable as we could with some of the Captain's army blankets. [Goes into shed, R.]

Row. Ah, that's how Uncle Sam's property is diverted from its proper use, is it?

Mr. Smith. [To Lod.] I say, old fellow, you've been as dull as the deuce all day.



*Loder.* Well, stranger, I'm sorry for that, it's not my way always.

*COLUMBIA* re-appears, leading *MED*, very pale and languid.  
*LOD.* draws back.

*Columbia.* Try a little walk. There's no danger now.

*Med.* I'm not afraid of the danger.

*Row.* You'd face a dozen Injuns, if they dropped in now, wouldn't you?

*Col.* Here, some of you men. Give her your arm, and let her take a little walk. [*LOD. and AL. both start forward. LOD. catches AL.'s eye, and draws back.*]

*Al.* Come with me.

*Med.* It's so good of you to mind me. But I don't care to walk.

*Row.* [*To Col.*] C'lumby, I'm afraid those horrid red wretches have scared what little life there was in her out of her.

*Med.* [*Walking to bench by shed, L.*] You are going to leave us?

*Al.* Only to send teams up to bring you down to the bend. [*They sit.*]

*Row.* [*To Col.*] Smitten, hey?

*Col.* Yes, and it's so romantic.

*Row.* Well, just you fight as shy of that sort of nonsense as long as you can and not inconvenience yourself, and I'll be just as glad as you can reckon. [*Off R., followed by COL. and MR. S. Row. looks back just in time to catch them flirting; they all go off with a laugh.*]

*Al.* You don't think I'd leave you in any danger.

*Med.* I thought I should never see you again, when the Indians attacked our boat. [*LOD. crosses quietly at back and leans against upper end of shed, L., listening to conversation.*]

*Al.* The danger is all over now. Try and brighten a little.

*Med.* For what?

*Al.* Don't say for what? Say for whom?

*Med.* For whom, then?

*Al.* For—[*She looks at him.*] For those who love you.

*Med.* Everyone who loves me, leaves me. All, except one—

*Al.* And he?

*Med.* Poor Loder! See, how faithful he is.

*Al.* You love him, then! [*He rises. She rises, as if to re-assure him. LOD. makes a step forward. AL. turns suddenly on Med and steals a kiss, she leans on his shoulder, and they turn to go up, when they confront Lod.*] Well, sir! [*Sternly.*] Are you



preparing for the march? [*MED reproves him with a glance, and holds out her hand to LOD., who kisses it.*]

ROWSE re-enters, followed by NOTAH. As he comes on ROW. turns around savagely to Not.

Rowse. See here, I've had almost enough of this!

MR. SMITH and COLUMBIA in doorway, R.

Med. Oh, the little Indian. I'm afraid you've captured her heart, Mr. Rowse, and she'll cling to you, for better or for worse.

Row. Cling to me! I should think so! I'm afraid I'll have to adopt her, unless some of you take her off my hands. Don't you want her, Alleyn?

Al. I—for what? [*MED disengages herself, and goes quietly to Lod., whose downcast look she has been watching. He leans against his gun, L.*]

Row. To bring her up as an Indian interpreter.

Al. No, thank you. I'm afraid of the Big Chief.

Row. Here, Smith, suppose you take her.

Mr. Smith. Aw! Where to?

Row. Back to England. She'll be Pocahontas, and you'll be Smith, just the very thing.

Mr. S. I'd like to oblige, but I'm afraid she don't deserve it. Pocahontas saved Smith's life, but this little creature is likely to get us all killed.

Widow. [*Coming from R.*] Sure, the dinner's ready.

Row. Dinner! That's handy! Come, lads! [*CEPH. and CHINEE take pot from fire, as directed by ROW., and all exit into hut.*]

Med. You look so cross.

Lod. I'm not cross, girl. I'm sorry.

Med. Sorry for what?

Lod. It's a mean thing to confess, but I overheard you talking with the young Captain.

Med. You heard us? Where were you?

Lod. It was wrong, wasn't it?

Med. Yes! It was not like you.

Lod. Yet I wouldn't give away the memory of what I heard for my life itself. Only tell me, is it so?

Med. Is what so?

Lod. Don't trifle, Med! For God's sake, don't. I heard you speaking.

Med. [*Bashfully.*] Well!



*Lod.* You spoke of those who loved you—and of one—

*Med.* That was you.

*Lod.* Oh, if it should be so. I would die for you any day—or better than that, I would fight for you and work for you. You could make me an honest man.

*Med.* I want to do that. You know I do.

*Lod.* And he asked you if you loved me?

*Med.* [*Gladly looking at him, and putting her hand on his shoulder.*] And you heard—

*Lod.* No, I heard no more.

*Med.* I told him “yes!” I loved you as if you were a dear brother! [*Lod. looks at her stolidly.*] And he seemed so pleased. And you are my brother, ain’t you? And you shall always be. And that made him so happy, and then he told me that he loved me, not like a brother, you know—oh, far from that—

*Al.* [*Coming from R.*] Well, Mr. Loder, time’s about up. We must leave the ladies here, until we return.

*Med.* Oh, that will be soon?

*Al.* This evening, perhaps.

*Columbia.* [*In door, R.*] Come, Med, have something to eat.

*Med.* I’m coming. [*To Al.*] And you will be ever so careful of yourself, and not fight with the Indians, if you meet them?

*Al.* No, I’ll stand up, and be shot. [*MED laughs and runs off, R., with COL. AL. is about to go C.*]

*Lod.* Captain!

*Al.* Well, sir!

*Lod.* May I have a word with you?

*Al.* Many as you please, if you’re quick about it.

*Lod.* I’m not one of the drawling sort, stranger, and I say my mind in a few words. You love that girl!

*Al.* [*Angrily.*] What is that to you?

*Lod.* [*Smothering his anger.*] I beg pardon. Perhaps I was too plain—she tells me—

*Al.* Then keep what you’re told to yourself. [*About to go.*]

*Lod.* Captain!

*Al.* Hark ye, my friend, if you address me on that or any other subject again, I’ll have you left out on the prairie to look after the redskins alone, without any soldiers to protect you.

*Lod.* Well, Captain, I’ve fought the redskins—and alone against odds—before now. I’m not a coward, if I am a—pshaw! I only want to say that the young girl yonder was left by her father to me—

*Al.* Just what a drunken brute might do! And I suppose you consider you’ve a claim on her?

*Lod.* Yes! [*AL. laughs.*] But not what you supposed. I loved her!



*Al.* Oh, I've no objection. I shan't interfere!

*Lod.* You mean to tell me you don't love her yourself, then! Why you've just confessed it to her.

*Al.* [*Annoyed.*] She told you—

*Lod.* Yes, and you're ashamed of it. You think it good sport to fool a friendless creature like her. You're deceiving her, and you know it!

*Al.* Whatever you please.

*Lod.* Captain! I beg pardon again if I'm insulting. But if you only knew all. If I thought you really loved her, I'd be content.

*Al.* I'm much obliged, I'm sure.

*Lod.* Another man who spoke to me as you speak, should fight me until one of us was stretched dead at the other's feet. But she loves you, and I dare not harm you. If you will only say to me that you love her! I have one duty to perform, and then you will see me no more. A secret—

*Al.* A secret! About Med?

*Lod.* To the man who truly loves her, a secret worth the world full of gold. For it tells him she is worthy to be his wife. [*AL. approaches Lod.*] Remember, it is to be told to one only—the man who is to be her husband.

*Al.* Whatever your secret is, it is safe with me.

*Lod.* But you will not answer me!

*Al.* Answer what?

*Lod.* That you love Med!

*Al.* Well, then be answered, I do!

*Lod.* Come, then; on the road ask me what you will, and every information which this packet does not contain you shall have. [*Shows Wolf's packet.*]

*Al.* [*Kindly.*] My good fellow, I was hasty just now. I do love her; there's my hand upon it.

*Lod.* No, stranger, I can't take your hand. If she had been poor like me, I'd have taken her far away to the wild West, to be mine, and mine only. I give her up now, as the fretful child must give up the star he sees so far above him.

*Al.* I was going to take you with me, but now, that I can trust you, you shall stay here and watch over her till we return.

*Lod.* No. I won't be tempted. From this time I speak to her no more. She is to be the wife of an honest man and is to become a lady. I know what I am, and that she is too good for me. I'll go with *you*. They are safe here.

*Al.* As you will. On the road I will speak with you.

*Lod.* [*Going.*] On the road.



MED *re-appearing at R.*

Med. Are you going?

ROWSE, COLUMBIA and MR. SMITH *enter.*

Lod. Only a little way.

Med. [*Gaily.*] Good-bye, then.

Lod. [*Struggling with emotion.*] Good-bye! Good-bye!  
[*Off, L. C.*]

Row. That fellow's got the worst face I ever saw.

Med. And the best heart that ever beat. [*Goes to AL.*]

Mr. Smith. I understand he's quite a scoundrel.

Columbia. He looks like some member of Congress, whose name I forget, You know, pa!

Row. Yes! That chap from Maine, that voted against my railroad bill.

Al. Now we must be off.

Row. So I'm to stay and protect the ladies?

Mr. S. Yes! take my gun, it's double barrelled, both barrels loaded. [*Gives it.*]

Row. I never fired one of these things in all my life.

CEPHAS and CHINEE *come out from hut, R. 1 E.*

Al. Now, then, Sergeant—

Ser. [*Outside.*] Aye, aye, sir!

Al. [*To Col.*] Good-bye! [*To Med.*] Until to-morrow, darling! Now for the road. [*All off to music. COL. climbs the stockade, waves her handkerchief. ROW. in gateway. MED near Col. The soldiers and all men except ROW. file off, L. WIDOW and others waving them "Good-bye."*]

Row. [*Coming down.*] Hello! Where's that little Indian of mine? [*WID. goes up to gate.*]

Col. I don't know, perhaps she's got into your pocket, pa! She's been near it so long.

Row. That's funny. I've taken such a fancy to her that—

Widow. Shure, I saw the little crethur yonder running off towards the woods chasing the butterflies.

Row. [*Laying down gun, R.*] Chasing fiddlesticks. We mustn't let her get away or she'll be bringing some stray Indians here on us. Which way did you see her go?

Wid. Straight down to the gully forninst the wood.

Row. I'll fetch her! [*Goes off running, C. R.*]

Med. It's not safe for him to go!



Col. Oh, he's got his gun.

Wid. Faix, that he hasn't. Shure, here it is. Rhody, dear, run—

Med. Oh, yes, run—call him—take it to him. [RHOD. takes the gun and afterwards when the door is barred, she rests it against the barred door.]

Col. [Up to gate.] Pa! pa! Oh, pshaw! he's running so fast and he don't hear. [RHOD. stops.]

Med. [Looking over the stockade.] He's running down to the ravine. He should keep by the open.

Col. Oh, pa's wise. He know's what he's about.

Wid. Shure, his wisdom wouldn't amount to much if the red devils was about.

Col. Pa's a great boxer! Let him alone! [Coming in.] Come down, you little canary. [To Med.]

Med. [Looking off still to L.] Yes, in a moment! [Sunset begins.]

Col. You don't expect to see pa there, do you?

Med. No, I was only—

Col. You were only looking after somebody else. [Below, looks up at her.]

Med. [Above, looks down at her.] No, indeed, I—

Col. No fibs! Come down, I want to talk to you.

Med. What about?

Col. About yourself and the other one!

Med. Which other one?

Col. Oh, you needn't pretend. I saw you flirting.

Med. [Coming down.] Flirting! What's that? [WID. and others sitting back.]

Col. I know your secret. [They come down c.] You love him! Isn't it so?

Med. Yes!

Col. Then why didn't you tell me so that night on the boat.

Med. Because I did not think then he would look at poor little me in such a way as that.

Col. Why, you ain't serious, are you? You don't think of marrying him?

Med. I havn't thought of anything but his love.

Col. Why, he's ever so rich. He's got an aristocratic mother in New York who wouldn't listen to it. Besides he's an awful flirt. He'll forget you for the next pretty face he sees. Oh, I know 'em.

Med. Oh, you don't think him like that.

Col. They're all alike, my dear. But don't cry over it. There, there. I've been in love myself, often; been deceived too,



my dear, and all that; oh, it's terrible. There was a member of Congress from Indiana, then there was the assistant clerk of the Under Secretary of the German Minister, he made love to me. He was a Baron. I gave him my young heart's affections, and his wife and seven children, all barons, came out in one of the Bremen steamers, and took him home.

*Med.* I don't know what will come of it, but I love him too much to doubt. Let us talk of something else. Are you not in love now?

*Col.* My affections are hardened.

*Med.* Even to the tall gentleman?

*Col.* Sh! have you observed him? He's a nobleman.

*Med.* He's very tall!

*Col.* All English noblemen are!

*Med.* And does he love you?

*Col.* If any one could restore peace to my solitary heart—  
[*Darkness deepens.*]

*Med.* He could—

*Col.* He could—if he would. But I'm afraid it don't enter his mind. His head is a little thick. He doesn't seem to know what's good for him.

*Distant cry like an owl's heard, as if a signal. All listen, cry repeated.*

*Med.* Did you hear that?

*Col.* It must be pa! [*Cry repeated.*]

*Med.* No! [*Breathlessly putting her ear towards the ground, as though to listen.*]

*Wid.* [*Looking over wall.*] I don't see anybody at all—at all!

*Med.* Quick! Close the gate! [*All run to it.*] Bar it!

*Col.* But if pa comes?

*Med.* We can let him in.

*Col.* Why, what are you afraid of?

*Med.* We are alone and near the woods. If the Indians should have been concealed there!

*Col.* [*Laughs.*] Ha! ha! ha! You little scared thing. Why, the soldiers were out all the morning. Come! You must be braver!

*Med.* I was so once. But when I was a little girl father took me far up the Colorado; we were surprised there by the Indians in our hut.

*Wid.* [*Others gather, c.*] Howly Saints!

*Col.* Oh, a story! How delightful! Do tell it!

*Med.* Alone at night. The darkness gathering, just like now



We had barred the door—there were no windows. I was roused from my sleep by a noise, like the stealthy tread of some animal on the roof.

Col. But we have no roof here, and we would see them if they came, and shoot them.

Med. I looked towards the door, the bar seemed to move as if some one pressed against it. [*The gun which Rhod. has placed against the door, falls.*]

Col. [*Frightened.*] What's that?

Wid. Only the gun! [*Runs and places it upright against hut, R., and runs to C. again.*]

Med. My father started up, but too late. With a wild shout the door was broken down, and the savages were upon us.

WAHCOTAH'S head appears above the stockade. COL. sees him and screams, and points breathlessly while sinking to the ground.

WAH. disappears.

Med. What was it? Speak!

Col. Indians! [*Knock heard at gate.*]

Wid. We are all murdered!

Med. We can fight for our lives. [*Runs and grasps gun.*]

Col. Oh, don't! don't! You'll make them so angry. [*Knock repeated.*] Oh, suppose that is pa! Open the door, quick. [*Going up.*]

Med. Stop! [*Holds her back.*] Who is there? [*Knock repeated.*] It is the Indians! Heaven preserve us!

Wannemucka. [*Outside.*] Open the gate!

Med. 'Sh!

Several blows are heard, as though stones were hurled against the door. Some of the stakes of the upper part are broken. An Indian puts in his head. MED fires; he falls. The gate gives way, and the other savages pour in, WANNEMUCKA coming last and passing to the front of them. They start back before the gun, which MED presents, with the crowd of women clustering around her, R., all kneeling, but MED.

Wannemucka. White maiden, put up your gun. Indian too many!

Med. Wannemucka! Coward! to attack women!

Wan. Let the white maiden come with Wannemucka, and her sisters shall be free to go.

Col. Never!



Wan. Indian too many. White maiden's gun can kill but one.

Med. Let the *one* who wishes to be killed come forward, then!

Wan. [*After a pause.*] Braves no wish to hurt white maiden.

Med. Then go!

Wan. [*Turns to speak to Indians.*] Yes! Indians go! Indians fight not women. They seek warriors. [*Parleys with tribe.*]

Col. Oh, if they will go!

Rhod. See, they seem to be quarrelling.

Med. Oh, if they should! There might be a hope!

WAN. *and tribe seem to disagree. He turns to Med softly.*

Wan. White maiden, Wannemucka is no enemy. His wigwam was cold and his fires unlighted. The eyes of white maiden have warmed his heart, and he would take her to his tribe, their princess! [*Indians murmur.*] Wannemucka would save the white maiden that he loves, and his tribe are angry with him.

Med. I cannot trust you.

Wan. White maiden shall see. [*To Indians, takes a step in advance.*] Warriors! Indian braves fight white braves, not women. Let the warriors of the Caiute follow their chief, and leave the white women in peace.

Wahcotah. Ugh! The Caiute knows no difference. Their lodges are hung with the scalps of women. Wannemucka, coward! traitor!

Wan. Wahcotah drunk! Go! Caiute braves know Wannemucka! Go! No harm shall come to white women.

Wah. Wannemucka traitor! Stand by—

*Draws knife and attempts to press by WAN. He is stopped. Short struggle, and all the other Indians press forward and strike WAN.; he falls. WAH. kneels over him, as if to strike again. Women scream.*

Med. Stop! Another blow, and this bullet strikes you dead! [*WAH. jumps back.*]

Wan. [*Faintly.*] White maiden, Indian loved you to his death. [*He stretches out his arms.*]

Med. Chief, I forgive you. Creep to me—they shall not kill you! [*He crawls to her. Indians try to press forward, as he falls. She keeps them at bay with the gun.*] Nearer—nearer!



This bullet is for him that touches you. Now—now—you are safe!

*Wan.* Yes, safe!

*He crawls to her feet, then suddenly springs up, wrenches the gun from her, throws it to his men, who receive it with a yell, and he grasps her. Indians overpower the rest.*

*Wan.* Mine! All mine!

CURTAIN.



## ACT V.

SCENE.—*A ravine, in which the Indians have camped for the night. High ground at sides and at back, surmounted by bushes and thick shrubbery. A path, quite high at the back, across from R. to L. Paths down from R. and L. to C., at back. Mountainous perspective. Time—the dark hour before daylight. A tent of skins in C., midway up stage. Smouldering embers of a camp fire at L. A clump of bushes at a half eminence on R., behind the tent.*

ONATA and five Indian girls are grouped around the tent, which is closed. WANNEMUCKA stands, R. C., leaning on his rifle, watching his tent. Irish family, WIDOW, RHODA and COLUMBIA, L. C., guarded by a group of Indians. They are seated on the ground, their heads covered with shawls, handkerchiefs, etc. At the eminence on the R. is seated an Indian on guard. WAHCOTAH seated in buffalo dress, L. C.

Wannemucka. The day is almost here, but the Caiute warriors may rest until it comes. The flight was long, and the way hard. What says Onata?

Onata. The maidens rejoice that their warriors have returned, but not that they bring white women to the tribe.

Wan. The beloved of Wannemucka need not fear. The white maiden shall be the slave of Onata.

Ona. Onata needs no slave whose face is like the white moon, and shines through all the lodge.

Wan. She is the prize of Wannemucka, and marks his triumph. Go, look upon her. She is weak and frightened. She is ill.

Ona. If she die, the Indian women will be glad. [*Exits into the tent.*]

Wan. Let the will of the Great Spirit be done.

Wahcotah. [*Rises and goes to Wan.*] The Great Spirit marks out the time of all things. He scatters the flowers and the buds together. [*Aside to Wan.*] The herbs have done their work.

Wan. When will she sink to sleep?

Wah. Her eyes close even now.

Wan. Go then! Tell Onata that the white maiden will not see the sun rise. [*WAH. nods, goes to tent, looks in, then goes off,*



L. ONATA comes out cautiously, looks at WAN., who stands stolidly, R. C., and glides out after Wah.]

Wan. Ugh! [*When she is off.*] The white woman makes her dark sister angry. [*Calls to Indian scout on eminence.*] Go!

Indian. [*Coming down.*] All is silent!

Wan. The white men will not find us. They have sought us in our ancient hunting grounds. [*The other Indians rise up and come to C., surrounding Wan. ONA. steals in behind them and enters tent.*] My brothers ask for council, the braves shall have their wish. Bring in the paleface. [*The Indian scout goes out R.*] The warriors have taken no scalps, and their hatchets are unstained.

Rowse enters, guarded by the Indian.

Loosen the gag. Let the white warrior speak.

Rowse. I'm much obliged. I haven't had so much in my mouth for several years.

Columbia. [*Springs up.*] Oh, pa! is it you? [*Runs towards him, Indians stop her.*] Oh, let me go!

Wan. Let the white maiden go to him. She loves him.

Col. Oh, pa, dear! I was afraid I'd never see you again. Oh, can't we get away? What will they do to us?

Row. I don't know, my child! But if ever I get back to Washington alive, I mean to turn my attention to Indian affairs. I'll bring in a bill to settle this.

Wan. The white maiden loves you!

Row. I guess she does. She's my daughter.

Wan. She is fair, she will make a bride for one of our braves.

Col. [*Screams.*] Oh! the wretches! I won't have any braves! I don't want to be a bride.

Wan. The white woman will learn to love the young warriors. She will bake their bread and dig their corn.

Col. Will I? I'll break their heads and scratch their faces.

Wan. Take her away! [*She and Row. are separated.*] Now, paleface!

Row. Don't call me paleface! My name is Rowse! Sundown Rowse, Washington, D. C.

Wan. The paleface has a double name! What does his name signify? What rank is Rowse? Is he a chief, is he a warrior among the palefaces?

Row. [*Aside.*] I suppose the greater I am, the more consideration they'll show me. [*Aloud.*] Yes. Rowse big chief! Big warrior!

Wan. Where are the big warrior's hunting grounds? Where does he battle?



Row. Where do I fight? My principal battle ground is the lobby.

Indians. [*To each other.*] Lobby! [*Seem puzzled.*]

Wan. Rowse take many scalps?

Row. Oh, we don't take scalps any more. We don't want any hair—we sleep on *spring* mattresses now.

Wan. Big chief must have killed many.

Row. Oh, yes. I've killed a great many—bills.

Wan. How he kill them?

Row. Squelched 'em in the Committee of the Whole, or beat 'em on the Third Reading.

Wan. Rowse great warrior then?

Row. Oh, I believe you!

Wan. Rowse lie!

Row. Eh? What's that you say?

Wan. White man lie! Rowse no warrior! Wear no war paint! [*Points to clothes.*] No blue! no gold buttons, no belt for long knife!

Row. The rascals know a soldier when they see one!

Col. You horrid savages. My father is a great chief. He's one of the prominent men of Washington!

Wan. Prominent man! Ugh! Medicine man!

Row. They're laughing at us, C'lumby. We can't stuff 'em. We'll have to beg off.

Col. It's shameful! and to think you own the whole country too!

Row. Yes. I'm in the hands of some more of my tenants. They couldn't treat me worse if I'd come to collect the rent.

Wan. [*Consults with Indians, then.*] What says the daughter of the paleface? Does the white man claim the whole country?

Col. Yes, he does! All this land belongs to him!

Row. Yes, and I've got the grant in my pocket, much good it's done me.

Wan. Who gave our white brother this land?

Row. Congress, you red rascal!

Wan. Congress give you land and water and trees and all?

Row. Here, C'lumby, take out the grant and show 'em?

Col. [*Takes paper out of his pocket.*] Here it is! [*Opens it.*] And here's the map! [*Spreads the map.*]

Row. Look at that! Every acre of it mine!

Wan. Congress gives it to you. Congress bad spirit! Bad spirit made the lying paper that takes the land and the water from the red man and gives it to the paleface. [*Snatches papers from Col.*] Burn the bad spirit. [*Gives them to Indians who carry them to fire.*]



Row. Here, I say! What are you about?

Wan. Ugh! White man prays for bad spirit. [*The paper is in flames, and the Indians shout around it.*]

Row. Well, curse my luck. My grant gone! my map gone! my hands tied, and three thousand miles from Congress! Oh, you infernal rascals.

Wan. Seize the paleface and prepare the stake.

Row. What!

Col. Oh, my poor papa! Oh, pa, what do they mean?

Row. I don't know! I'm very sick. [*At a sign from WAN. Indians seize Row.*]

Wan. Let the paleface pray. When the dawn breaks he dies!

*Row. is carried off, L., struggling. Col. is kept from him at a sign from WAN., who also darts an angry glance at him and silences him until he is quite off. WAN. advances towards the tent, which suddenly opens and MED appears, followed by ONATA. The Indians draw back in a cluster, L. C., up stage about Wah., and all look on curiously.*

Med. Let us go on! See, the sun is up! the daylight has come! the birds are singing.

Wan. Beautiful maiden! all is dark about you. The night is cold. The earth is wet with dew. Go back to the couch of skins, which your dark sisters have made for you.

Med. No! no! see how bright everything is!

Wan. [*Aside to Wah.*] The herb is making her mad. The Indian women will not hate her now!

Col. [*Running to her.*] Oh, Med! Med!

Med. Who is this?—Alleyn?

Col. Don't you know me, Med?

Med. You said you loved me! Come, let us go! [*Sinks on ground. COL. bends over her.*]

Col. She is dying!

Onata. She is favored by the great Manitou! He has taken away her mind.

Wah. [*Approaches, throwing back his buffalo head.*] Fear not! I will speak to the pale sister! [*He kneels and takes her hand.*]

Wan. Will the maiden grow better?

Wah. She is near the spirit land! Already she beholds it! [*Rises.*]

Med. Alleyn! Dear Alleyn! [*Takes Col.'s hand.*] I told you, you remember, that I was doomed to die. I did not think



so soon! Look! my father! [WAN. *turns aside.*] No, father, I will come to *you*. She is not *my* mother, and I will not go to her. Dear father, don't turn from me. I am with you! [*Her eyes grow fixed. She is gently laid back by COL., who sobs and the Indian maiden takes her.*]

Wah. The white maiden is as the leaf upon the ground—as the fallen rosebud.

Col. Oh, my poor darling!

*The women tenderly raise her, and take her into the tent, followed by ONA. and COL. The tent is closed. WIDOW, RHODA and MOLLY enter.*

Wan. When will she wake?

Wah. If she sleeps till the dawn, it will be sunset before she opens her eye to the light. But a little now might rouse her again.

Wan. And Onata?

Wah. I gave Onata the drink. She thinks it poison.

Wan. When the sun rises, our march will be resumed, and Onata will seek the land beyond the hills of the south with the tribe. Wannemucka will then return and enjoy the prize which many moons have still found him pursuing, still hopeless, but undespairing.

Wah. See, the women begin their lamentations.

WAH. *re-covers his head. The tent is opened. ONATA and the women crouch on the ground near a couch, C., on which Med lies, COL. kneeling near the head.*

Wan. [*Goes to foot of couch, bends over it.*] As the roses on the stalk droop, when one of their number is plucked away, let the fair sisters of our tribe bewail her. She shall be laid under the prairie grass, where the wolf shall not find her, for her grave shall be deep as the red man's love!

ONATA *and the Indian girls break into the following low chant:*

Let us speak of her:

She was white as the white snow,  
And her spirit went away  
Under the breath of Manitou,  
As snow flees before the sun.

*As the chant is dying away, the distant sound of a drum mingles with it, at first unperceived by the Indians. The music dies away, and the drum continues. The Indians listen.*



*Wan.* The white warriors! [*All start up.*] Quick, cover the fires!

*The tent is covered again, concealing all the women. Indians enter, bringing ROWSE. The fire is scattered. All bend low to the earth.*

*Rowse.* Oh, you murdering rascals, you are caught at last!

*Col.* [*Bursting from tent, with WIDOW, etc.*] It is Alleyn!

*Widow.* Woroo! We are saved!

*Wan.* Seize them! [*All are seized and held by the Indians with drawn knives.*] If you breathe a cry, you die!

*A party of soldiers are seen crossing the high path at back. Drum outside still.*

*Alleyn.* [*Outside.*] Halt!

*Sergeant.* [*Same.*] Halt! [*The soldiers pause.*]

*ALLEYN, SERGEANT and MR. SMITH appear on bridge and look down.*

*Alleyn.* Is there a path down this ravine?

*Row.* Oh, if this infernal knife wasn't at my throat!

*Mr. Smith.* [*Looking down.*] By Jove, I don't see anything here!

*Row.* Oh, you never could see anything anywhere!

*Ser.* Black as pitch.

*Al.* Listen! don't you hear the branches crack?

*Row.* I wish some one would sneeze!

*Mr. S.* I can't hear anything?

*Row.* Of course you can't, you fool!

*Al.* Where is Loder?

*Ser.* He took another cut through the woods, more to the south. He thought he found traces of the scoundrels.

*Al.* Then we had better follow his lead. Come, let us hasten.

*Mr. S.* Ya'as, that's what I say. I'll go on through the gully in this direction.

*Al.* We'll keep on through the wood. Keep the drum beating, Sergeant, so that if our poor friends hear it, they may know we are near.

*Drum again, soldiers and all off. MR. S. on L.*

*Row.* Well, 'pon my soul! They're precious asses to be sent out here to hunt Indians! [*He kicks over the Indian near him.*]



*Wan.* [*As the drum dies away in the distance.*] The captives may be freed, but let no one speak.

*Row.* Now, will anybody tell me the use of having friends, when they walk right over you like—

*LODER* appears on eminence, *R.*, pushes aside the branches cautiously and says: "Ah!" *WAN.*, *ROW.* and *WAH.* repeat the exclamation and turn and see him. A pause. He dashes away, *R.*, *ROW.* following him with his eye, but not moving. *WAN.* directs *WAH.* to follow *Lod.*, *WAH.* draws his knife and glides out. All breathless attention.

*Wan.* [*To Indian.*] Quick! Glide by the water course, and stop the flight of White Panther on the north.

*Row.* Two to one! *Loder* can't stand that!

*Wan.* Silence!

All quiet. A pause. *LODER* enters, dressed in the disguise of *Wah.*, and personating him. As he enters, looks backward off *L.*, wiping his knife, as if of blood.

*Wan.* Ha! You have slain White Panther. [*Lod.* shakes head.] No! Then Cayote will find him there upon the ravine path. Hist! [*The Indian enters with MR. SMITH, who is impelled forward at point of knife.*]

*Mr. Smith.* Aw, by Jove, this is what I get for going off on my own account.

*Row.* The Honorable, by all that's unlucky! Then it wasn't *Loder* I saw!

*Mr. S.* Here, I say! Use me gently! I'm a British subject, and the British flag—[*He is bound and cast beside Row.*]

*Wan.* [*To Indian.*] White Panther fled?

*Indian.* Yes! Fled!

*Wan.* Then we must break camp! He will bring them all upon us. [*To Lod.*] Quick, rouse the white lily! She must be carried with us. [*Lod.* nods and takes rifle.] No fire! Alarm white warriors!

*Lod.* [*Shakes his head.*] No! Gone! [*He approaches Med. and bends gently over her. Daylight begins to break.*]

*Row.* Smith, we're lost! We'll be taken to the other end of creation!

*Mr. S.* Oh, Lord!

*Wan.* No! Indians fly! White women fly! White men remain! [*To Indians.*] Bind the white captives to yonder trees and pin them with your knives. [*Bugle.*]



*Mr. S. and Row. Oh, Lord! [Indians seize them and yell.]*

*The drum is heard faintly again. All silent in a moment. MED. starts up at the sound.*

*Mr. S. They've missed me and are returning.*

*Wan. [To Lod. and approaching Med.] Quick! To the woods! [Drum nearer.]*

*Lod. [Casting off his disguise.] Indian! Stand back!*

*Wan. White Panther!*

*Lod. Aye, Loder, White Panther!*

*Wan. Spy! [Springs towards him with uplifted knife. All the savages with a yell spring upon their captives. LOD. seizes Med and fires his rifle at WAN., who falls.]*

*In an instant the ravine is filled with soldiers. ALLEYN darts forward and LODER passes Med to him just in time to ward her from a blow aimed by ONATA, who darts out of the tent. ROWSE and MR. SMITH floor their guards. COLUMBIA runs to Mr. S., and, on this picture of triumph, the—*

CURTAIN.



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